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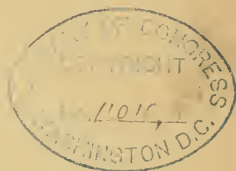
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The Addison Reunion Papers.

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THE
ADDISON REUNION
PAPERS.



COMPILED BY

DR. CHARLES BILLINGSLEA.

BALTIMORE

WM. J. C. DULANY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1871.

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TO THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS

OF THE

ADDISON REUNION,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

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The Addison Reunion Papers.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE friends who may take this little volume to peruse, we are sure will not be like one of the queer characters of our national "Budget of Fun," who does not "want to be introduced to people she does not know;" but they would rather know all etiquette could ask about the contributors, and the Association under whose auspices the volume is published, so that if in any of the wild flights of fancy of its infant Muses they find any Cynic matter, they will know that the Areopagus of the ADDISON REUNION will give the complainant a hearing. The name which we have chosen for our "Club" (a dangerous word, but we mean limitation when we use it), namely, "ADDISON," speaks a volume for it to every searcher of books or lover of the higher tones of thought and composition. We would not shatter expectancy by saying "It is all a name," nor would we raise it high by promising that hope will receive full fruition. In appropriating the name of such an illustrious man, it was not to convey the idea of similar merit, but to show that our ambition sought a high standard, which we would reach as near as possible with the comparative one talent.

A short biographical sketch of ADDISON we give as a part of this Introductory. JOSEPH ADDISON, the

eldest son of a learned clergyman, was born at his father's rectory of Milston, in Wiltshire, England, on the first day of May 1672. He was educated at the Charter House and at Oxford. He was distinguished in lyceums and in private circles as a writer of Latin verse. His first appearance in print was in English verses, some of which were original, and others translations from the classics to Dryden's *Miscellanies*. Political encouragement soon after induced him to write a poem complimenting King William on the campaign in which he took Namur! A pension, procured for him by Lord Somers, enabled him in 1699 to visit the Continent, where he resided for three years, during which time he wrote one of the best of his poems, a "Letter from Italy," and also his first extended prose work, "Travels in Italy," which exhibited his extensive knowledge and his skill and liveliness in composition. His next poem, "The Campaign," a poem celebrating Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, was written soon after his return to England. It met with so much applause and popular favor that it secured him an appointment as the Commissioner of Appeal in Excise. From this he became Under-Secretary of State, which office he held for three years; then became Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which was about a year and a half before the dismissal of the Ministry which he served. This brings us to about 1710, and he about 38 years of age, just the prime of his life. Deprived of office by the Opposition, he was left to seek his own employment, which proved to be the composition of his celebrated *Periodical Essays*. The first of these papers were published in the "Tatler," a paper conducted by his

school-friend, Richard Steele. In 1711 these two writers commenced the "Spectator," which appeared every week-day till the 6th December 1712. After the cessation of the "Spectator," Steele began another paper entitled the "Guardian," which lasted about seven months, fifty-three of these papers being Addison's. In 1713 he brought on the stage his tragedy of "Cato," which was rendered so immensely popular, partly through political considerations, as to raise his reputation to its zenith. The accession of George I. in 1714 restored the Whigs to power, and again diverted Addison from literature to politics. After acting as Secretary to the Regency, he was made one of the Lords of Trade.

In 1715 he married the Countess-Dowager of Warwick, by whose influence he was induced to become one of two principal Secretaries of State in 1717; but ill health caused him to resign eleven months after his appointment. He died at Holland House on the 17th June 1719. His body, after lying in state, was interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. His soul we trust reached the eternal immortality he worked out for it, and left us as a record of his belief:

"The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

We feel regret at the meagreness of the fact-matter relative to Addison's life that we have been able to give; glad, however, that we *know* he was born in that sweet English home, and lived to strike some of

the sweetest chords of intellectual thought. The papers which compose this volume are truly "Crumbs Swept Up," and that too by *new brooms*.

They are compositions prepared for the entertainment of the circle, and with no view to publication. We give them to the readers as pensioners upon charity, hoping if our Association should number years, the next offering will be radiant with greater merit.

To Mrs. H. B. M., of Cincinnati.

BY THE LATE REV. JOSIAH VARDEN.

"My pen is typical of my tongue, which runs on ever like woman's tongue."—*Extract from a private letter.*

"My running pen," you tell me then,
Is typical of woman's tongue,
Whose chimes resound the empty sound
Of some old bell forever rung.

No, sister, no; not truly so:
The sweetest bird that ever sung
O'er opening bloom or closing tomb
Was woman's tongue.

An infant born to weep and mourn,
As helpless on her breast I hung,
The lullaby that hushed my sigh
Was woman's tongue.

In boyhood bold, when uncontrolled
My heart to wayward passions clung,
Close at my side, to woo and guide,
Was woman's tongue.

In riper years, when worldly cares
A shadow o'er my spirit flung,
In time of need my friend indeed
Was woman's tongue.

In slow decay, which wastes away
The fainting flesh by sickness wrung,
The surest balm to heal and calm
Was woman's tongue.

Amid the strife of closing life,
As an Æolian sweetly strung,
Still may I hear in gentle prayer
Fond woman's tongue.

And when at last, like seasons past,
This world is to oblivion flung,
In bowers above shall coo that dove —
Sweet woman's tongue.

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

BY THE REV. DAVID WILSON, M. D.

I GLIDE from the highest mountain peak,
I glint 'mid the cloud-land shadows,
I fall where the eagle wets his beak
On the arid mountain meadows;
And away I murmur, and fall and splash,
'Bove the snow-line's lowest border,
And fall o'er the sentinel rock, and dash
By the chamois,--- only warder.

And I pour my white foam over the sides
Of the mountain rocks, and under;
I glide along where the avalanche glides,
Nor list to its awful thunder;
And down 'mid the echoing caverns deep,
Near the source of silent fountains,
I move along, as in quiet sleep,
By the base of eternal mountains.

And the stars of heaven look down on me
Through the blue where the clouds are riven,
And smile as they sail o'er the wide, wide sea,
When the new, bright moon is risen;
And ever I'm singing of fairy lands,
And ever I'm murmur'ing of duty,
And ever I'm rolling o'er silvery sands,
And ever I'm shining in beauty.

All day, all night, I sing the hymn
I have chanted down the ages ;
What I sang to creation's seraphim,
I chant to earth's sages ;
And the cawing raven wheels his flight
O'er the rocks where I tremble ever :
I girdle the hills with a silvery light,
And a song which I sing forever.

STANZAS.

NESTLED in the curtained window,
Little wife, with dewy eyes
Gazing on the dreary landscape,
Gazing on the leaden skies —
On the distant gray cathedral,
With its spire and sombre dome :
Heart o'erflowing, pale lips murmuring,
Husband, love, *come home !*

Flutt'ring at the open window,
Happy wife with smiling eyes,
In her hand a foreign letter,
Overhead the glowing skies ;
Festive looks the gray cathedral,
Bathed in light both spire and dome :
Happy lips keep oft repeating,
Husband's *coming home !*

Kneeling in a darkened chamber,
Saddened wife with streaming eyes,
Praying God to send some comfort
Downward from the pitying skies :
Weary days of travel ended,
Weary feet no more to roam,
Pallid, broken, almost dying,
Husband *has* come home !

On a couch with snowy pillows,
Marble face with folded eyes ;

Through the window golden sunset
Floods the room with crimson dyes,
Lights the pale face of the watcher,
Gilds the spire upon the dome :
Hush ! an angel's on the threshold —
Husband's *going* home !

ALIX.

A TRIBUTE TO MARYLAND.

I LOVE the North, I love the South,
I love the East and West ;
From Maine to Texas, every State,
But MARYLAND the best.

I love her mountain, rivers, bay,
Her springs, and brooks, and rills ;
Her forests which superbly crown
Her mountains and her hills.

I love her valleys, all so green,
Where rustic beauty dwells ;
Her fragrant groves where Sylvan sports,
And Nature's music swells.

I've sometimes heard of brighter skies
Than hers so deeply blue,
Where softer airs fanned sunnier hills,
And richer flowers grew ;

But I have yet to see the land
In all the world so bright,
Which from the shores of MARYLAND
My footsteps could invite.

Let other States increase in wealth,
And build their cities grand ;
I will rejoice in their success,
But love dear MARYLAND.

* * * * *

Where Chesapeake's broad swelling tide
Sweeps for th' Atlantic's shore,
And bright Patapsco's waters glide,
Behold fair BALTIMORE!

She sits enthroned on many a hill,
And stoops to kiss the Bay;
While ocean storms her bosom thrill
Like music far away.

And where proud columns pierce the skies
To greet the morning sun,
Behold a noble tribute rise
To honor Washington!

And clustered at its base we see
The city's wealth and pride,
And palaces where piety
And charity abide.

A mighty tide of merchandise
The West pours through her streets,
While Eastern climes, to grace her ports,
Send forth their white-winged fleets.

Prolific stores from Northern shores
Come through her open gates,
And with sweet chums "King Cotton" comes
From sunny Southern States.

O'er Alleghany's dizzy heights
With steel-clad arms she guides
Her iron steeds, where through rich meads
The swift Ohio glides.

Then through Virginia's lovely vales
She bids the echoes wake,
And binds the noble Chesapeake
With Michigan's proud lake.

All nature, with exquisite skill,
Her favorite seeks to bless ;
While city parks and Druid Hill
Are clothed in loveliness.

The rose and lily sweetly blend,
And charm with equal grace,
Where beauty's queen is ever seen
To show her blushing face.

As rose-buds in a maiden's hand,
Or on her heaving breast,
So in the arms of MARYLAND
Loved BALTIMORE doth rest.

* * * * *

On Anne Arundel's lovely shore,
By Severn's placid stream,
ANNAPOLIS stands on golden sands,
Like some sweet olden dream.

The mighty past with visions fill
Her legislative halls ;
Whilst on the heart each patriot's voice
In silent music falls.

Unbare the brow, with reverence stand
And memories of the dead :
These quiet chambers echoed once
Our mighty chieftain's tread.

Here heroes met, and beauty smiled
 To see the sword laid down,
 And Freedom to Columbia's son
 Gave more than regal crown : —

A nation's love, a spotless fame
 To ring through all the world,
 While at the mention of his name
 Her flag should be unfurled.

* * * * *

Where teeming fields abundance yield,
 And bounteous harvests grow,
 Where to Potomac's rock-strewn bed
 Monocacy doth flow —

Embosomed in a smiling vale
 As fair as Eden's bloom,
 Old FREDERICK stands, with folded hands,
 Like some old happy groom

Who finds himself in beauty's bower,
 With diamonds and pearls
 He woos and wins, and weds at last
 The loveliest of the girls.

The myrtle creeps where Taney sleeps,
 All heedless of his fame ;
 While Whittier lays a wreath of bays
 Round Barbara Freitchie's name.

* * * * *

And where the green-clad mount and hills
 On fertile vales look down,
 Where plenty smiles and beauty thrills,
 Behold rich HAGERSTOWN.

She nestles 'mong her lovely hills
Like pearls 'midst emeralds green,
Or as a coy but fair young maid
Who would her beauties screen.

Her farmers, like th' industrious bee,
Are gathering all the day ;
While nature works in harmony
Their labors to repay.

* * * * *

Like silent guardians camping round,
The solemn mountains stand,
Where throbs the loving, generous heart
Of blessed CUMBERLAND.

Forth from her rugged bosom pour
Heat's never-failing streams,
Which flow beside the temple's door
Where active genius dreams.

Her ebon jewels flash more light
Than India's brightest gems,
And crown fair CUMBERLAND with more
Than regal diadems.

* * * * *

And where the early shadows rest,
And heaven's ethereal veil
Spreads ever o'er the mountain's crest,
Old EMMITTSBURG we hail.

Behold her fair Pierian springs,
Whence wisdom's streamlets flow,
O'ershadowed by the Church's wing —
Saint Mary's and Saint Joe.

And in this lone and lovely place,
 Where Nature seems so sweet,
 The pious aid "the work of grace"
 By sacrifice complete.

O lovely, spotless devotee!
 Such piety as thine
 A guiding-star to man should be,
 O'er life's dark waves to shine.

The cloister's walls like clouds obscure
 The sweetest light of heaven :
 Ye clouds, dissolve ! Christ's light and love
 To bless the world were given.

* * * * *

Across the vale from ridge to ridge
 WESTMINSTER'S arms outspread,
 And oft is seen, 'midst Nature's green,
 Her varied white and red.

From her aspiring classic hill,
 Behold the wondrous view —
 A sea of green, wide waves between
 The town and mountains blue.

Each lengthening mile bright scenes beguile,
 And charm the wandering eye ;
 Groves, brooks, and hills, farms, churches, mills,
 In varying beauty lie.

And when in majesty supreme
 The day declines to even,
 The scene is like an angel-dream,
 Or distant glimpse of heaven.

The mountains kiss the crimson West,
And in their soft embrace
The golden sunbeams sink to rest,
The day-god hides his face ;

While o'er the green, in purpling sheen,
Night waves her dusky fold,
And cloudlets float, like isles remote,
In seas of liquid gold.

* * * * *

Ye hills, adieu ! we now must seek
'Midst gentler scenes to find,
Beyond the noble Chesapeake,
Where Choptank's waters wind,

And Pocomoke, and Nanticoke,
Glide softly to the Bay —
Where in the hand of MARYLAND
The sportsman's treasures lay ;

Where crabs and canvas-backs abound,
The luscious bivalve lies,
And for the epicure is found
The modern Paradise.

Over the mountains, hills, and dales,
On fancy's restless wings,
From East to West we've swept, and rest
Where Susquehanna brings

The hills of Pennsylvania near
And heart to heart they speak ;
In stately grasp each hand doth clasp
Beside the Chesapeake

Beneath one honored flag they move,
Hope beckoning from afar,
And MARYLAND, the State we love,
Shines like a rising star.

B.

ALBANO: A FRAGMENT.

BY THOMAS E. VAN BEBBER.

[Should the following little narrative be found not entirely destitute of interest, that interest will be owing entirely to the peculiar circumstances attending the death of Albano. Such a death the ancient Greeks were accustomed to call *euthanasia*, a term for which we have in English no single word which is a perfect synonym. The expression "happy death" comes nearer to its meaning than any other, but does not entirely cover it.

The fragment is one of a number of loppings from an unpublished romance, which last, the writer supposed, might be improved in quality by reducing it in quantity. The scene of the narrative is in the Island of Cyprus, a short time previous to its capture by the Turks in 1571. At the period referred to it belonged to the Venetians. Of the two characters introduced, Eolian was by birth a Grecian, whilst his friend Albano had been born in Italy, and belonged to a family many members of which became distinguished as artists. These few sentences seem to contain all the information needed for a full comprehension of what follows.]

I.

Joined to the roar of falling water,
Prophetic voices strike his ear,
Which tell of bloody fields of slaughter,
And rosy cheeks turn'd pale with fear.

Beneath the moon the hoary harper
Across the dizzy ridge dail' tread;
Ye armorers, grind the sharp sword sharper :
That music freezes him with dread.

FOR one week the two friends remained at the monastery, and during that time the effect of fresh country air, the excitement of exercise, and the intoxication of spirits produced by new objects and a delicious climate, acted like a charm on the health of the young poet.. He felt an insatiable desire to travel further — to traverse in fact the whole island in company with his chosen companion. Albano was as eager for it as himself, so they purchased between them a little white donkey, strong enough to carry their travelling wardrobe, and in case of need to relieve Eolian from the fatigue of too much exercise on foot. Their daily journeys would of course be short, and were to be guided not by any prearranged plan, but by the weather, their feelings, the caprice of the moment, or the force of circumstances.

They wandered on, down winding mountain-paths, over aerial valleys which lay above greener valleys lower down, through singing villages encircled with orchards and gardens, by flowery cemeteries from which were wafted such clouds of fragrance as almost caused the delicate Eolian to faint into Elysian dreams. Sometimes they would sit among the tombs and listen to the cooing of turtle-doves, until both, drowsed for a time by the up-floating odors of too many wild flowers would sink their heads upon the marble slabs, and lapse deep, deeper into vision-tinted slumber. Once during the morning they halted beside a well from which a maiden was drawing water for a flock of sheep, and the two youths gazed long and earnestly into her full-orbed Oriental eyes, and almost fancied themselves in

Holy Land as it was in the days of Scripture. On every shaded eminence they tarried long, to count the villages in sight, and hear the village cocks answering each other around the horizon, and to watch the shadows of the clouds floating over distant pasture-fields, half-darkened, half-gleaming in the sun. Sometimes a passing spring shower would drive them for a time into a cottage or a wayside ruin, and when they came forth again, millions of water-drops, some like opals, some like diamonds, according as the sun's position in relation to the spectator varied, glittered and trembled, and (when the birds shook them from the boughs) shivered into drops of liquid flame.

The artist, being a great pedestrian, always went on foot beside his friend, who was frequently compelled from weakness to mount the donkey, and to whom, owing doubtless to a slight swimming of the head, every shifting landscape seemed afloat, and even the solid ground, with all its trees, and hills, and houses, appeared in a state of gentle undulation, to be slowly moving backwards. Albano bore in his hand a staff which by a curious mechanism might, by turning a few screws, be converted either into a stool, a flute, or a walking-cane. Often in his solicitude for his friend's health he would make him dismount under the shade of some pleasant tree, and in an instant the cane became a seat on which he could rest without danger of catching cold from the dampness of the grass.

On such occasions Eolian would often draw from his pocket a little blank-book and pencil, and commit to writing the events of the day, or such fugitive trains of thought as he deemed worthy of being arrested in their passage, for he belonged to that living and

hoarding order of genius which is always preparing materials for future use. Sometimes he would write these out at full length, even leaving much for future lopping and pruning; at other times a few hasty half-words would suffice to convey to his *inner* eye substance for pages.

I will transcribe one little passage which he read aloud to his friend soon after its composition, and which, fragmentary as it is, may perhaps be understood by some readers :

* * * "When the sun sets and darkness comes upon the earth, timid night-walkers have been known to provide themselves with a peculiar kind of lantern which is so screened as to throw the light only upon that part of the road immediately before and beneath them, whilst the bearers themselves walk invisible and hid in shadow. Others, less fearless, press onwards, alike regardless of robbers and pitfalls, buoyed up by their own bold and sanguine spirits. Others again, but these are few, bewildered amongst dark and devious ways, sit calmly down by the roadside, and strive to feed their souls with pleasant thoughts and cheerful hopes, patiently waiting for the first rays of the morning-star. And many are there who deem themselves fortunate when they can take shelter from the outward darkness in gorgeously illuminated saloons and banquet-halls, where mirth and revelry resound the live-long night; although even there grim spectres and shadowy shapes have been seen to flit around the columns and mingle strangely with the dancers. And thus it is in this our earthly life! few are there before whom some dark sense of danger, some dread but indistinct forms are not looming on the distant horizon;

and even men of unquestioned courage have had their presentiments, their visions of beckoning shapes, such as appeared to Dion, and Brutus, and Mark Antony."

* * * * *

After dinner they both enjoyed a *siesta*, and when awake Eolian described to the artist a curious dream which seemed to have made a great impression on him. He thought himself the possessor of a fairy palace, so constructed that every part of the building seemed alive and capable of motion, and each and every part and every piece of furniture was moulded into some living form. Chimneys shaped like griffins and centaurs were ever wheeling round and breathing globes of many-colored smoke. Columns like those in the cave-temple of Elephanta, stood on the backs of elephants and river-horses. From the ceiling of the hall a silver lamp hung from the hand of a figure which was suspended by the heels with the head downwards: the chain was a coil of serpents, the lamp itself a spread eagle, with flame issuing from the bill. The sugar-tongs ended in bird's-feet, the wine vessels had spouts which were snake-headed, the snuffers were crab-shaped and cut off the wicks with their claws, the knife-handles grinned at you like satyrs, and the tables ran on the legs of greyhounds and antelopes.

"I recollect an oil-painting," continued Eolian, "the subject of which struck me with wonder. A lion was represented entangled in a strong net, from which he in vain strove to extricate himself. Around him had collected a circle of the most faint-hearted beasts in creation. There they stood with their long ears pointed forwards as if in deadly fear, although there was no real danger. Wild asses and tame asses,

hares, rabbits, sheep, and many strange trumpet-eared animals such as I had never seen before, all trembling, all spell-bound in that magic ring. The other pictures, though there were many on the walls, have all faded from my memory."

"But you have said nothing of the Lady of the Castle," observed Albano, alluding to his friend's curious dream. "I am sure there must have been one there, and she a very fair one too."

"Indeed, indeed she was," answered the young poet. "In some respects like a woman of flesh and blood, she had one peculiarity which distinguished her from all the daughters of Eve. Apparently destitute of the power of speech, she yet had the means of communicating her ideas in a manner truly wonderful. It was this: within a few feet of her face a constant succession of images, very small but exquisitely beautiful, seemed to be perpetually passing in the air, and in some mysterious manner to mirror forth the most secret emotions of her soul. It was a pleasant task, Albano, to sit near her and to watch alternately her eyes and the pictured thoughts projected from them. And not only did it please the eye and delight the fancy, but as each image was an emblem or symbol of something more spiritual than itself, the understanding and reasoning powers were called into constant exercise. For you know that many, both heathen and Christian, have supposed that this outward physical world is but a picture or shadow of the invisible spiritual world, and that everything we see with our outward eyes is only typical and symbolical of something higher and purer than itself, which can only be perceived by the eyes of the soul. Plato, I believe, was

the first who advanced this sublime doctrine, but since his time it has frequently been repeated, and has often been dwelt upon with peculiar pleasure by the old Fathers of the Church."

Eolian was now becoming almost too metaphysical to suit the taste of his companion, who busied himself very little with philosophical abstractions; he therefore took but little notice of the last observations.

* * * * *

On the third evening of their wandering, they reached a mountain region much wilder than any they had yet visited. Cascades, swollen by the recent melting of snow, were seen and heard tumbling from great heights *above* and down vast chasms *below* them. It was rough journeying for pleasure, but they felt drawn on by some strange attraction. Soon after nightfall they arrived at the hut of a mountaineer, one of those long, low, narrow buildings constructed to accommodate man and beast under the same roof, which with some variations may be found in most lofty and pastoral regions. Inside they found a little family group assembled around the supper-table, the men clad in coarse sheep-skins and leathern breeches reaching to the knee, with bare legs and feet; the women weather-beaten and boorish; the children shy and half naked; the furniture scant; the whole lighted by pine torches stuck in iron rings. They spoke a peculiar language, which seemed to be a medley of Greek, Italian, and Turkish, and which the travellers understood with great difficulty. Their meal consisted of curd, goat's milk, and a kind of bread made out of chestnuts.

After supper Albano played upon the flute some

simple airs, with which the mountaineers seemed much delighted. He also sang a few Venetian love-songs and barcaroles, and many a sweet ditty at that time popular among the gondoliers of his native city. It was curious to hear melodies which had received their birth among the lagunes, accompanied not by the dipping of oars and the murmur of billows on the beach, but by the tinkling of pastoral bells and the lowing of cattle. Eolian was transported with pleasure: he floated in fancy under the Bridge of Sighs, and gazed along the Grand Canal from the Rialto.

Suddenly the music was interrupted in a manner the most singular and unexpected. In one corner of the apartment, something which had heretofore been motionless and in shadow began to stir slowly; and as the pine torches, for want of trimming, were just then burning very dim, it was difficult for the travellers at first to conjecture what it really was.

It was a human figure; of that they could not remain long in doubt. A long snowy beard, eyes wild and flashing with maniac brilliancy, a form almost gigantic though slightly stooped by age, a black mantle drawn round the waist, a portable harp hung over the shoulder--this was all the two friends could distinguish, for the apparition strode hastily through the door-way and disappeared without the slightest noise.

"For God's sake," said Albano, starting from his seat and dashing down his flute on the floor, "tell me, shepherd, what is the meaning of this? Who and what was the figure that has just vanished so strangely?"

The shepherd shook his head, and raising his forefinger pointed to his forehead, as though he intended to say enigmatically, "All is not right there."

The artist, contrary to his usual calm, self-possessed manner, seemed strangely excited. He could contain himself no longer, but rushed to the door to catch another view of the mysterious wanderer. Eolian followed him, almost as much surprised at his exhibition of terror and curiosity as at the apparition itself.

The scene outside was wild and grand. There was no rain or wind, but a chaos of black storm-clouds were heaped around the moon, which had just then risen above a tall, spire-like peak in the distance. Through a cleft in those vast slow-rolling masses which seemed revolving globe within globe, gleamed the silver-bright moonbeams, making the vapory blackness more striking by occasional streaks and rims of light. Waterfalls near and distant could be seen tumbling down huge precipices. Over one of these, high poised from rock to rock, hung a slender rustic bridge, which seemed to tremble in the roar and breath of the cataract.

"There he goes," said Albano, bending forward in an attitude of the most intense interest, "half way over the old bridge; how it rocks beneath his tread! The moon is shining full on his broad old shoulders. How his harp glitters! Now he is slowly treading downwards, singing as he goes."

The artist placed his hand to his ear as if to arrest the receding sounds. Fainter, fainter, a chaos of sinking melodies — now the shoulders of the mystic harper disappear, now his head, and now his voice becomes no longer audible. Albano turned deadly pale; it was the first time Eolian had ever seen him change color. The moonlight fell upon his clasped hands and pallid cheek as on a marble statue. His very lips looked as cold and as white as marble.

When they returned to the room the artist played and sung no more that night. He held his hands much over his eyes, as if he wished to screen them from view. A deep gloom pervaded the whole company. Eolian asked a few questions, but the information elicited was scanty and unsatisfactory. All that he could hear was that the old harper had first made his appearance among the mountains a few weeks since. None of the shepherds had ever obtained a full view of his face; he made his appearance, they said, only in moonshiny nights, and sang mysterious airs which no one understood. He was, in fact, the same old harper concerning whom dim rumors existed for some months past through the Island of Cyprus. In city and on mountain, on sea-shore and by forest he had been seen, and mystic glimpses caught of him, but no one knew his history or understood the object of his wanderings. Of such as heard the sound of his voice, some went stark mad, some lapsed into profound melancholy, and some experienced only a feeling of momentary awe which soon gave way to new impressions. Albano, unfortunately, was not to be numbered among these last. Perhaps his subtle ear for music had enabled him to *hear deeper* than the rest of the company, and to penetrate into a mystic labyrinth of sound and to disentangle its hidden meaning. Be that as it may, from that time the rosy glow of life's opening morning vanished forever. Death was *with* him — *in* him. He felt there was no escape; the last struggle must be encountered, and that, too, very shortly.

The travellers slept that night in a rude kind of hay-loft, immediately above the stalls occupied by the

cows and goats, whose bells kept a perpetual tinkling. Their bed consisted of wild mountain-grasses, very sweet-smelling and clean, and intermixed with many fragrant flowers. Eolian, in spite of the pastoral sounds under him, and in spite of his solicitude for his friend, soon lapsed in a refreshing sleep. The fatigues of the day had exhausted him; he did not even dream until long after midnight.

Very different was it with the poor painter. Strange feelings, such as he had never before experienced, had taken strong possession of his soul. Forebodings, wild fancyings, shudderings—he could by no effort shake them off. From the very first sight of the mysterious old harper, it seemed as though a wonderful change had passed over him. It sometimes occurred to him that an old Hebrew prophet had by the force of witchcraft been called up from the sleep of centuries, and was now wandering about the island, the forerunner and the foreseer of coming evils. The maddening glare of his eyes, though he had seen them only for an instant, was still gleaming on him, the distant hum of his voice still ringing in his ears.

About midnight these chill shudderings gradually wore off, and gave way to a feeling of calm but mournful resignation. He arose from his hay-couch, threw open a rude window-shutter of rough boards, and looked out upon the landscape. On breezy precipices moaned drearily the mountain-pine; from the depths of hollow chasms and shadowy gorges came the voice of many streams. The storm-clouds had all dispersed; high up in the zenith glistened the planet Mars, with his peculiar ruby-like hue, whilst in a different part of the heavens Jupiter throbbed with pure and silvery lustre.

Perceiving a rude hay-ladder which opened an easy communication between the window and the ground, and anxious to have a more unimpeded view of the prospect, the artist slowly descended, and advancing some little distance, found himself standing on a smooth mossy slope above the slumbering cottage. At first all his senses were absorbingly aroused, and the whole body with its fine mystic inlets was thrown open to collect information of the surrounding world. But soon the *pressing inward* ceased, and all the naves and aisles of the temple being crowded, the inner altar-worship commenced.

Albano laid aside his cap and knelt reverently on the mountain-moss. He was barefooted, his arms were folded across his breast, his head was slightly bowed, the night winds blew aside the clustering curls from his forehead. In this reverential attitude he remained for ten or twelve minutes, and then devoutly making the sign of the cross on front and bosom, he prostrated himself on his face upon the earth.

Let us linger a little longer beside the young artist, and peer deeper into the inner sanctuary of his soul. Taking a review of the ideas in their sequence which arose in his mind, he underwent in a few moments changes which whole nations have been long centuries in accomplishing. When he first came forth and gazed upon that wild mountain scenery, that chaos of peaks and ridges, some capped with snow, some overshadowed by peaks still higher than themselves, some silvered by the moonshine ; when he first heard the fitful and solemn voices which pealed hollowly through the pines and cedars, mingled with the roar of tumbling torrents ; when he perceived the peculiar

odor of mountain evergreens fuming like incense towards heaven ; when the cool mountain-breezes passed bracingly across his limbs and wooingly through his ringlets, his first impression was that the earth was an animated sentient being, and that he could almost hear and feel the beating of her big heart in unison with that of his own.

This was the first stage in his meditations ; but this idea soon gave way to one loftier. He looked up at the stars. They too seemed living creatures, each with a heart of its own, and with a splendor inherent and underived. Astronomers had not yet adopted the idea that the ruddy aspect of Mars is owing to vast collections of ice around his northern and southern poles, but the idea so beautifully expressed by Dante, that that planet was allotted to the beatified spirits of Crusaders who had died on the battle-field, was still believed by many. The painter supposed for a moment that its sanguine lustre was owing to the bright and fiery nature of its indwelling soul. Jupiter's heart seemed to beat with a still purer and softer pulsation. And for a time the young artist was in faith a star worshipper.

But soon he arose to another stage of belief still loftier. The animating soul, not of the Earth, or Mars, or Jupiter, but of the Universe : God, the Incomprehensible, the primal source of Being, the Creator and Upholder of millions upon millions of worlds, the one only God ! He had often heard this truth stated before ; he now for the first time *felt* it passing like a holy flame through his whole being, sanctifying, cleansing, overawing. He felt himself superior in dignity and in the scale of nature to the

largest and the brightest planet above him, and yet (strange contradiction) as the most insignificant drop in the ocean of living existences. It was this idea which prostrated him with his face upon the mountain-moss. He knew he was in the presence of the Almighty One. Let us leave him.

II.

Albano first knows his Creator

Whilst prostrate on the mountain moss;
Thence change on change, from great to greater,
The Ring-dove leads him to the Cross.

"How dark it grows to the westward!" said Eolian, looking in that direction. "I think there must be a hail-storm not many miles distant."

"But in the east how bright!" And as Albano spoke, he pointed with his right hand over his left shoulder.

The suddenness of the gesture startled Eolian. He supposed his friend had not been attending to the scene around him, for all that morning (it was the one which followed the night on which he had heard the mysterious harper) he had been sad and silent, appearing scarcely to notice anything.

How, through his down-hanging, melancholy eyelids, did the young artist know what was going on in the tract of sky behind him? By what power of inner vision had he seen the sun glinting slantwise from behind a cloud not large enough to hide the solar disc, with other clouds around, dark-bodied, silver-edged, and poised in clearest ether? From some mysterious cause, acting on the soul through the medium of the nervous system — probably the pecu-

liar electrical state of the atmosphere — both youths were struck with a strange but not unpleasing kind of awe, such as many have felt, but which no words could adequately describe.

“ Oh ! it is bright indeed eastward and overhead, but yonder — ” He pointed along the western flank of the mountain, where streaks of lightning like thin sword-blades gleamed ever and anon athwart the dark-blue void, and then vanished as if drawn in by the hands of invisible hail-spirits. But overhead and all around them heaven and earth seemed smiling on each other. A few large rain-drops (it did not amount to a shower) fell on the heads and faces of the wanderers, and moistened the greening pastures ; spring flowers gave out their sweetest odors ; the bleat of new-dropped lambs was heard mixed with the tingle of sheep-bells ; larks sang upwards, and a few black-winged birds, whose plumes as they floated past the openings between the clouds, melted away in the far splendor. In short, about one-sixth of the horizon was scowling and muttering awfully, whilst all the rest was silver-bright and sun-illuminated.

Albano thought of large hail-stones battering the roofs of villages and farm-houses, cutting down vineyards, and pelting the traveller on his lonely path.

“ Heaven help them all ! ” he said, crossing forehead and bosom. “ The damage done by hail-storms may be repaired, perhaps, but over *me* — ” he looked despairing towards the west — “ over me shall ere long sweep a storm which — ”

He did not finish the sentence, but bowing down his head, and covering his face with his hands, a convulsive shuddering passed over his frame which continued

several minutes. It was a return of the same horror which had paled his cheek the night previous, but not so violent and overpowering. And when at last he lifted up his face and turned it full upon Eolian, his eyes, though liquid and wild, seemed forlorn and melancholy, like the eyes of Cassandra when she foresaw her own destruction. Eolian saw through them the ruins of youthful hopes as clearly as the fisherman in the Lago di Guarda is said in calm, clear weather to behold the ruins of ancient cities far beneath the water.

Through a succession of wild and savage scenes they travelled all that gloomy day, they knew not, they cared not whither. Rocks such as darken the canvas of Salvator Rosa scowled on them as they passed, assuming monstrous and fantastic shapes; down sombre gorges dirge-like voices wailed upon them; precipices threatened to topple and overwhelm them. Anon, their way led across forests which, having been upturned by recent hurricanes, they could with difficulty make their way round prostrate trunks; now over lonely mountain heaths, where not even a sheep-bell was audible; now under barren, blasted peaks which, being the craters of extinct volcanoes, looked dark and dismal; ever on and on, amid the tumbling of waterfalls, the screaming of vultures, the moaning of cypress-trees; over slender bridges hung from crag to crag across some yawning chasm, and which shook fearfully beneath their tread — oh, it was wild journeying there! Mountain showers of small and almost invisible drops swept over them when they least expected it and drenched them to the skin; anon, they stood on some lofty summit and saw beneath them a

chaos of thunder-clouds rolling, flashing, congregating, dissolving.

All this time they spoke but seldom. Twice they flung themselves on some mountain-moss to rest from fatigue, not to slumber. Albano never once played on his flute; Eolian never once touched his writing materials.

Towards evening they entered a tract of mountain land much less solitary. Wains heavily laden and drawn by huge oxen creaked by them, and files of paniered mules passed to and fro with tinkling bells. They were approaching some old copper mines which they were told extended far underground, and were well worth visiting. Arriving there they gave their donkey in charge of a mountaineer who lived hard by, and descended into the mine, intending to spend the night there.

It was a little world of its own. By the light of torches and cressets elevated on posts and fixed in the sides of the huge excavation, hundreds of miners were busy with hammer, mattock, and shovel, some in the deep lateral cavities, some high aloft on plank scaffolding and platforms, some digging, some blasting with gunpowder. There they passed the night. The strangeness of the scene at first seemed to arouse Albano, and he gazed upon the dingy gnomes around him with a certain wild interest. Mules were there which had not seen the light of day for nearly half a century. A subterranean chapel, with its bell and organ, called the workmen to worship, and two priests, who for penance had vowed never to revisit the upper world, chanted a vesper hymn to the Virgin. After service, Albano, seating himself behind a dim fire,

rested his face in his hands and lapsed into his old brooding. That night he slept but little.

Early in the morning they resumed their journey. Again bleak mountain peaks in the cold gray dawn.

At noon they came in sight of the sea. The wind was high : from the top of a promontory around which they were creeping, they could hear the roar of the breakers for miles along the shore, sounding hollowly in the distance. A ship was in the offing scudding under double-reefed top-sails. More than once the force of the blast threatened to waft them sheer over the precipice, but the old donkey pricked up his ears, and seemed to take a strange pleasure in walking as near the brink as possible. So they pressed forward full in the eye of the wind, and trudged on manfully along a zigzag path, which lifted them at one time into the clouds, and at another led them down to the sandy beach. Sometimes they crossed an opening in the iron-bound coast, through which a torrent, swollen by recent rains, came tumbling to the sea, and foaming in its course round fractured rocks.

Once they passed a group of savage-looking men, with unkempt hair and beard, playing cards under the shelter of a cliff, whilst one of the party, armed to the teeth, was stretched at full length on the summit, tossing pebbles into the sea. When aware of the transit of the travellers they started from their feet, but after gazing for a few moments, burst into a wild laugh and then resumed their former sport.

Once from an overhanging rock they looked out upon a small collection of fishing-boats, and witnessed the capture of a sword-fish, an operation which at any other time the artist would have gazed upon with in-

tense interest ; but as it was, his eyes, though fashioned by Nature to drink in rapture from the contemplation of novel scenes, wavered dreamily and vaguely over the spectacle, as though his thoughts were far away. What could this world offer of strange or new to one who expected soon to enter another? So the barbed spear or harpoon was hurled, the coil of rope loosened, the fishing-boat drawn forward with violence, the sworded sea-monster caught and disposed of, and the travellers pursued their way without a word, except two observations from Eolian.

"I sometimes think," he said, looking musingly over the waters, "that inside my head there is a little sun which rises and sets at irregular periods, often on the meridian at midnight, and often sinking westward when the real sun is about to rise. This *inner* sun is more necessary to my happiness than the external one. Often at mid-day all looks black ; even pigeons' necks and waterfalls are without radiance. At such times would it not be well to light up a few *inner lamps*, filled with sweet-scented oils and burning with many-colored flame? Desirable it would be, were it only possible."

His second remark, which was made after a short pause, was a kind of continuation of the first, and ran thus: "No doubt 'twould be easy for the Almighty so to color the vapors and mists of the atmosphere as to cause sun, moon, or stars to appear yellow, blue, black, green, or whatever hue He chose. Much depends upon the *medium* through which bright objects are seen, much on the state of the *eye* looking on them, still more on the state of the heart which furnishes that eye, together with its attendant optic nerve, with nourishment and life."

A little before sunset the wind lulled, and their path winding round the base of a projecting foreland, conducted them along the rim of a quiet sheltered cove, whose waters were purpling under the smile of a rosy cloud.

The cliffs around this spot were not bleak and barren like those they had been travelling over for several hours, but overhung with flowering vines and greened with orange and lemon trees. They had not gone far up this pleasant shore when lo! from a cleft in the rock came the cooing of a dove, so very sweet to ears which had been long stunned by the dashing of breakers and the piping of the wind that both friends involuntarily paused to listen. They had not stopped long before out fluttered the soft bird herself, and after describing two or three circles round the wanderers, she settled for a moment quite near the feet of Albano. It was a ring-dove, and bore above her heart a circle, the emblem of eternity.

And oh! how sweetly and smoothly she bore it.

The image of the Winged Globe, found sculptured on many an Egyptian obelisk, had its meaning in days of yore, and still has; but the living and loving type now at the feet of our young artist is, I think, much more beautiful. And who knows but that sweet ring-dove may not yet "rise with healing on her wings"?

Some little children were near there, gathering early spring-flowers, piling them brimful in osier baskets, and weaving them into festoons to ornament their heads. They had rowed themselves over from the other shore in a little skiff, and were at that moment about embarking to return. On looking across the cove, Eolian (for Albano was still thinking of the dove, and

his eyes were fixed intently on some olive trees behind which she had disappeared) observed about half a dozen small huts, doubtless the homes of poor fishermen. The children, as they pushed their tiny vessel from the shore, held up floral wreaths in the rosy evening air, and all sang for joy; and one little girl (she was a very cherub for beauty, with long curling ringlets and heaven-lovely eyes) leaned over the side of the skiff and dropped the flowers in the water by the handful.

Albano, after his two long days of suffering and painful travel, was soothed, very much soothed, but not yet quite at peace, as we shall shortly see.

When they reached the first hut on the other side of the cove — for there was a small road leading round — Eolian proposed that they should spend the night there, for they both felt weary and travel-worn. It was a rude structure of boards thatched with palm-leaves. The little porch before the door was filled with nets and fishing-tackle; it was the same inside — hooks, nets, lines, barbed spears, osier baskets; whilst hanging round the wall or stowed away in odd corners were seen old pieces of canvas and heaps of coral: everything bore marks of the piscatory calling of its owners.

They were invited in by a girl of about sixteen, who, as they afterwards found, was a younger sister of the fisherman's wife, and who eyed the youthful strangers with glances half coy, half curious. The young wife herself was at that moment sitting over the fire, and seemed stirring something with a ladle in a large pot. She rose as the travellers entered, drew closer round her bosom the folds of her loose dress, and after having rallied from the first surprise, bade them be seated and rest themselves.

Her husband, she said, had not yet returned from fishing, and that when his luck was good he often remained away till a late hour in the night. "But you look weary; have you travelled far?"

"A long rough way," answered Eolian. "It is no easy journey along the iron-bound coast on the other side of your quiet cove."

"You may well say so," answered the young wife, and as she spoke she spread the floor with fresh, clean mats and cushions stuffed with the feathers of sea-fowl. And Eunöe (that was the name of her sister) filled a large gourd with fresh water which tumbled from the top of a rock behind the hut. This she gave them to drink, and filling another vessel from the same pure fount, she was back again in an instant, and both sisters insisted on washing the feet of their weary guests.

Eunöe's hair was braided so very neatly, and her arms and bosom so nicely rounded, that the eye of the artist, ever pleased with the sight of fine forms in nature or in art, kindled for a moment with something of his old enthusiasm; but soon the lids fell, the long lashes quivered, and he wiped away the gathering tear before it had trickled far. There had once been a time when the view of such forms was ever mingled with aspirations of success in his art; there had once been a time when nothing had delighted him more than to have fixed in glowing colors on the canvas such images as were now before him. Eolian saw the falling drop before it had been wiped away, and knew by instinct the feelings which had distilled it. For a moment his own chin and lips quivered, but he suppressed his emotions, and tried to conceal them by directing some commonplace question to the elder sister.

Just then the door opened softly, and in peeped laughing faces, and in floated fresh odors of spring, and in tripped two of the children they had seen rowing over the water. They still had their wreaths and flower-baskets; the little girl had lifted hers upon her head, and her bright starry eyes sparkled from beneath a tangle of wild vines. The boy seemed about two years older than his sister; he held in one hand a basket and in the other a little wood-knife. A water-spaniel came trotting after them, wagging his tail and licking the tips of their fingers. The whole cabin smelt delightfully. It was the advent of youth, and joy, and innocence.

Merciful heaven! and does it often happen that far away on the lonely seashore, far from the pomps and splendors of the big world, there is more real happiness and beauty than in lordly palaces and crowded cities?

The young mother, without saying a word as to what she was going to do with it, lifted the basket from her daughter's head, and emptied half the contents on one mat and half on the other.

And so with sweet mountain-moss and wild violets under them (there was some heart's-ease there too), and smiling faces around them, and the pleasant household sounds of cooking and washing around the hearth, the travellers rested pleasantly after their weary wandering. Even the sound of the boiling pot on the fire presented no unpleasant contrast to the roar of boisterous winds and surges dashing on the shore.

So great had been their fatigue during the day and so little had they slept the night before, that both friends soon lapsed into a pleasant slumber.

About an hour before midnight, the spaniel, which had also been dozing before the hearth, began to bark, and then the young mother arose, and lighting a pine-torch by the fire, went out to meet her husband. In company with four or five other fishermen, he was already on the beach; from other cabins came other torches and other dogs; and what with the men and their wives and the dogs (the children were fast asleep), and the combined effect of torchlight mingling with moonlight, and the tall cliffs above, and the quiet dimpling of the cove below, it was a scene worthy the pencil of Gerardo della Notte.

Eolian, aroused by the noise, came out and stood in the doorway to see what was going on. In a moment on the retina of the poet's eye, refreshed as it was by sleep, and delicately sensitive to the minutest effects of light and shade, the whole scene was depicted. The young wife seemed to be telling her husband about them, for as he turned his head and the light fell full on his massive weather-beaten features, his countenance expressed considerable surprise. He was a broad-shouldered man, with a long black beard. The whole view had for the poet a wonderful magic. The long gleaming column of light which the moon threw across the cove; the moving to and fro of the torches, now bringing into view the slouched hats and leathern doublets of the fishermen, now flashing upon the handsome features of the fisherman's wife; the chase of shadows as the figures moved over the sand; the emptying of the laden boats; the gasping and jumping of the fish that were thrown upon the shore; the dragging of the boats out of the water, and the spreading of nets on the beach to dry, altogether com-

posed a scene so beautiful that Eolian re-entered the hut with the intention of waking Albano.

But as he bent over his friend he saw from the expression of his face that he was chained down by the power of some absorbing dream, and though the vision seemed to be of a painful nature, he could not bear to arouse him. Soon after the fisherman and his wife also entered, but as they both, upon a sign from Eolian, walked softly and spoke in a whisper, the artist's fancy continued its wild work undisturbed and uninterrupted.

And here we may mention, in passing, that ever since the night of the mysterious harper, Eolian's mind seemed to take its hue and coloring from that of Albano, and to be overmastered by it, though before that the artist had always looked up to his friend as to one intellectually superior. Hence, though enchanted but a moment before by the magic of the moonlight scene, the sight of the sleeper's face threw him back into his old gloom, and under the influence of this feeling he drew forth his tablets and threw off some hasty pages, of which the following sentences are a few short extracts. I hang them up in this place as fleeting summer-clouds which mayhap each reader's fancy may fashion into a different shape and interpret in a different manner, or which many may prefer passing by altogether unnoticed.

EXTRACTS FROM EOLIAN'S DIARY.

. . . "The butterfly keeps his spiral tube closely rolled up, and rarely uncoils it, save when sucking honey from the bells of flowers. So a man should do with his poetical talent, should he happen to have any.

The moon, to a spectator on the earth, always presents the same side: the same half-sphere variously lighted up or shaded, forms all the varieties of her phases. One-half of a man's mind—provided he have a beautiful one—is enough to be presented to the public gaze. Yes, but the difficulty is to get them to look even at that half. Then let us rid ourselves of all low thirst after popular favor and turn our eyes fountward. The very horses, when drinking, instinctively turn their heads *up stream* and look towards the well-head, lest the water become polluted by the mud from their own hoofs. Trifling! A trifle? Some days ago I saw a single skein of cobweb, dew-besprinkled, stretched from a sprig of grass to a neighboring flower: it was under the shade of a tree, and as the tree moved, gently in the wind, a gleam of sunlight ran up and down the slender cord. Had it not been for this thin and varying stream of light, the dewy spider-rope had remained invisible. Many a lowly thing is there which would look bright if heaven's blessed light could only reach it. Light? yes, and shadow. Who has not observed how much more beautiful is the landscape when the shadows are thrown *towards* the spectator—like a rich character whose dark points (such as they are) are all projected in *front*, and serve the more to beautify it.

. . . "Singular how animals often arrange themselves into regular mathematical figures! Cows return from pasture-field in single file; wild geese pass over in the form of open triangles; partridges sleep at night in little circles with their heads outwards; but what pleases me most is to view in early spring and autumn a movable globe of insects, each in perpetual vibration,

and the whole sphere trembling, breaking and forming anew, as the gentle breeze blows upon it with more or less force. What rounds those tiny beings into a ball? and why, when undisturbed, do they ever resume this globular form; and while each enjoys the freedom of individual motion, does the whole revolve around a variable centre? A dog's foot, when wet, imprints a singular figure on the floor, somewhat like a five-leaved clover. With numerical regularity has Nature measured off her productions. In this the poet must imitate her. There are as many kinds of versification as there are of flowering. Dante's *Divine Comedy* is like a cruciform Gothic church, with triple lanceolate window and three aisles: in both the same wonderful wedlock of exact calculation and grotesque variety, of exuberant wildness with the closest observance of severely regular laws. The poem consists of three equal parts. More: it is composed in the "terza rima;" a three-fold twine, a succession of triune evolutions from beginning to end, reminding us of the "Trinal Triplicities" spoken of by the schoolmen. And yet within this plan marked out by rule and compass, what profuse and inexhaustible variety! So works the bee, storing away in hexagonal and mathematically-fashioned cells, honey collected from a thousand different flowers. So works the spider, when rainbow colors play over her concentric circles, and dewdrops like eyes sparkle over all her "wheels within a wheel." God, they say, is the soul of brutes, and shall not He be the soul of the poet? The mason goes to work with compass, rule and plumb-line: so the poet. Quantities must be measured, syllables counted; proportions observed, length of lines adjusted, collocation and succession of

rhymes closely attended to. But after all, books (even the best) are but imperfect shadows cast by mighty souls. It is not the book itself I admire, but the mind from which it emanated. See no more of the sun than his reflection in a muddy pool, and you would form but a poor conception of his splendor. Nothing vexes me more than to be bored about my fondness for books. The best of them often provoke me; sometimes I dash them in the fire or tear them to pieces. Even Dante's great poem is nothing better than Dante's intellect in eclipse. Often by intense gazing I think I can see through the rosy shadow, and catch faint glimpses of the unveiled fiery orb: but this is only an illusion. No: books are poor, cold, shadowy things after all, though not without a certain sweetness. Their principal use is that they contain an imperfect record of what sharper eyes than our own have seen in Nature and the world. As such I love them. GOD Himself has not disdained to write a book — The Book — through which, like children gazing through discolored glass upon an annular eclipse of the sun, we may catch some faint glimpses of the outskirts of His splendor and glory." . . .

From these specimens the reader will perceive there was a roll, a whirl, a wild tossing of thoughts and images in the poet's soul. But could we throw ourselves back into the *central* parts of his mind as it was on that night, we might perhaps trace many subtle bonds of connection between ideas apparently incoherent, just as to a spectator in the centre of the sun all the planets would appear full-orbed, and none would seem to have a retrograde or irregular movement.

When he had finished writing he again composed himself to slumber. As to Albano, he awoke about two hours before daybreak. The brands on the hearth had burnt out; the interior of the cabin was dark. His dreams had left his soul like the ocean after a storm, the waves still high, the shores strewn with the wrecks of many hopes.

Let us examine a little more deeply into the real state of his mind. We have seen how on the fatal night when he heard the old harper, his soul partially recovered from the effects of the first shock; how he looked through Nature up to Nature's God, and *felt* that his spirit was immortal. This latter truth was still more impressed on him by the sight of the ring-dove, for Albano belonged to that order of men who are sooner convinced by types and emblems, by something which strikes the fancy and eye, than by trains of abstract reasoning.

But these alleviations of the effect of the shock were far from being complete. During the last two days of travel GOD seemed to be frowning on him, the elements seemed to be at war with him; he was stunned, overwhelmed by the majesty of a Being who seemed at an infinite distance. In short, he had not yet, in faith at least, and inmost conviction, advanced beyond the religion of Nature.

The view of the ring-dove lulled him for a time. but now the winds were up again fiercer than ever. Having worked his way through a chaos of dismal dreams, through fire, through water, over toppling crags, across waste grave-yards, and among formless, monsters, he was now awake in a dark hut by the sea, with unconscious sleepers around him. Then Death came before him in all his terrors. His heart beat

audibly. His first impulse was to call his friend, but he did not — he could not ; he was spell-bound by his own awful feelings.

It seemed as though the whole history of his life were passing before him in all its details, but with inconceivable rapidity. Old scenes, old thoughts, some of them reaching back far into childhood, rose up, but they rose up like dead bodies which are made to mount by the shock of cannon fired near the shore where men have been drowned. Like travellers in subterranean caverns and catacombs when their torches have been extinguished by the wings of startled bats, he felt bewildered and horror-struck. Lost, lost he seemed in the immensity of a limitless creation, destined to become the prey of savage devouring elements, without any mediator, any bond of communication between himself and an offended God. He even began to hope he was not immortal, to long for utter annihilation. The sweat of his agony bedewed his forehead ; he shook like a man in an ague-fit. His brain became like a witch's caldron, in which monstrous things were seething, and around which evil spirits came flocking to the incantation of the weird sisters.

Had this state continued much longer I think it must have ended in brain-fever. But a singular phenomenon took place. After remaining in this state somewhat more than an hour, he sank into a short doze or stupor, on recovering from which, lo ! the walls and ceiling of the room seemed glowing with all the colors of the rainbow, and all arranged in marvelously beautiful patterns, in bars and globes and rings of wonderful prismatic light.

It was fearfully beautiful. Albano's artist eye was

fascinated in a way he had never before experienced. Secrets in his art he had long been striving to fathom were suddenly opened to him. It seemed as though he were surrounded by a network of colors, from which he could not, he wished not, to escape. It seemed as though through those marvellous forms and hues he was borne to the contemplation of the Creator of all forms, the Author of all colors. He recollected when at school having been peculiarly struck with that passage in Virgil descriptive of the goddess Iris, and how the same poet who composed those beautiful lines has been supposed to have predicted the advent of the Messiah in language almost as strong as that of Isaiah. And could it indeed be the many-tinted messenger from another world sent to announce his speedy departure?

This thought was the beginning of his consolation. He wished to communicate his dawning comfort to his friend, but so powerful was the spell by which he was bound, that for a long time he could move neither hand nor foot. And when at last he called to him and told him what he had seen, Eolian could behold nothing but the walls and ceiling faintly glimmering in the first dim light of approaching dawn. He was astonished beyond measure by the words of Albano; and though he supposed the whole must be an optical delusion, he felt as though it would be wrong to tell him so. The brain, he knew, when in a highly excited state, often stimulates the optic nerve from *within*, and paints more vivid pictures on the retina than any cast upon it from *without*; but of this fact, concerning which even then there was some knowledge among medical men, he soon lost sight

in the strangely pleasing awe inspired by his friend's description of his sensations. He was drawn into the magic mesh himself, and entrammeled not through the eye but through the ear. The verses from Virgil which Albano repeated in low and musical tones, brought the whole more vividly before him than if he had actually *seen* it: they sounded sweetly oracular. He knew that his friend's death could not be far off, and he almost wished that the many-hued messenger had been sent to announce his own departure.

I said that was the *beginning* of his consolation. So it was. The waters had subsided, and behold the colors of the Bow of Promise!

As daylight advanced those colors appeared to fade. The two friends walked out on the beach. Albano led the way. He said nothing; they seemed to understand each other without the aid of words. Straight he went to that part of the shore where the evening before he had seen the ring-dove. There she was. The artist clapped his hands for joy.

The dove fluttered around them in circles. And lo! once more the colors of the rainbow: yes, coming and going across the dove's neck, and making the emblematic ring there more and more beautiful. And the rosy glow of morning — that too was there, overspreading the ring and painting the cheeks of the gazers.

"Eternity is no longer awful to me," and he pressed his friend's hand as he spoke.

Almost insensibly the pious bird led them onward. They followed in silence, hand in hand. At last, after lighting often on the ground and again mounting, she perched on the top of one of those rustic crosses so

often seen in Catholic countries by the wayside. There she sat, at first opening and shutting her wings (but not for flight), and then closing them broodingly. Her nest was there.

Albano sank on his knees. His consolation was complete. No longer Nature frowned upon him; the Maker was no longer at an immeasurable distance. The Dove and Cross!

The Dove and the Cross! The whole incident was too striking to be the mere effect of accident or chance. The Holy Spirit had led him to the feet of the Saviour.

The Triune God was embracing him, was *in* and *around* him. Come flood, come fire, come earthquake, come whirlwind! I see the mystic Three-in-One smiling on me through them all.

III.

Glory and fame, erewhile so pleasant,
Now worthless seem as a pebble's toss;
The fisherman's wife receives as a present
His picture of the blood-red Cross.

WHEN they returned to the fisherman's hut, all were struck with the expression of Albano's countenance. His face literally shone. The mutations of feeling through which he had passed during the last few days seemed to have changed his nature, and this was followed by a corresponding change in his appearance: thinner, more transparent, more graceful. His hair, always worn long and naturally curling, now moistened by the sea-breeze, hung in clusters and rings adown his neck and shoulders. And his eyes! It was evident from their expression that a still greater change awaited him.

We are told by naturalists concerning that curious insect, the dragon-fly, or *libellula* (which it is well known lives for several years whilst in its nymphine state at the bottom of water), that when about to undergo its transformation, the approaching change is indicated by a certain brightening and transparency of the eyes, and that "this is owing to the visual organ of the perfect insect, which is amazingly lustrous, shining through the mask of the nymph."

Something analogous seemed to be going on in the nature of Albano. The little girl was one of the first who seemed struck by it. She was beating her tambourine and dancing at the moment he entered ; but the instrument dropped to the floor, and she shaded her eyes with her hands.

The young wife had prepared a savory breakfast of bread, crabs, and various kinds of fish, and had invited several of her neighbor-fishermen to partake of the little repast. Before sitting down Albano pronounced a blessing. He had never done so before, but now it seemed to come perfectly natural to him.

After breakfast he recollected that he had in his portfolio a small oil-painting which he had elaborated with great care, and which some time or other he expected to see hung up to the public gaze at some art exhibition, or in the picture-gallery of some nobleman of Cyprus or Italy. "And oh, if it should gain the prize," he whispered to himself, "then I also could say with the great Correggio, '*anch' io sono pittore.*'" The picture was the last he had painted, and all his friends assured him it was the best. I will give a brief verbal description of it, mainly to show how the young artist had been striving after effects which are rarely attained by the aid of the pencil alone.

It was an autumnal landscape, with a golden mist like that which we see in America during Indian summer, draped around the distant horizon. In the foreground a pool. Deep in the liquid element brilliant forest-trees seemed hanging down by the roots, with clouds under them. One tree standing by the water was old and leafless, but of this too an inverted image was seen, with all its most minute twig-work entire and perfect; but an air-bubble rising at that moment from the bottom seemed to have shaken it, until trunk and convolved branches trembled in every intricate fibre from the root downwards. In the distance hills were seen casting their long dark shadows over a misty vale, from the bottom of which a cottage sent up a column of smoke, which, mounting through mist and shadow, spread out in the form of a tree-top.

But these objects were only accessories and subordinates; we have not yet mentioned the chief and master-image in the picture. It was this. A blood-red vine having run up the trunk of an old tree, and spreading out along two of the main branches which had grown opposite and horizontally, it looked as though the tree had turned Crusader and wished to battle with the winds of Autumn under the sign of the Holy Cross. Whether the artist only imagined this scene, or whether he had actually witnessed it and drew from memory, he never told his friend, but certain it is the picture excited much admiration.

What particularly struck Eolian was a certain felicity of touch by which the more difficult and delicate parts of the execution were thrown off without apparent effort. For instance, the slight circles caused on the water by the bursting of the bubble, and the con-

sequent disturbance in the outline of the inverted figures; and then the magic of color by which the smoke-column arose through vapor and through shadow, and by which, each of the three though interblended, still preserved its own identity.

Like many master-pieces, at first view it did not strike with its full effect; but look again and more attentively, and every part seemed alive and gifted with a peculiar vitality; look still longer, and the colors began to glow and move, and though there was neither man nor animal in the whole piece, nothing seemed inanimate or meaningless; and strange to say, gaze still longer yet, and the colors seemed to fade away in the distance, throwing the gazer into a sort of trance or waking dream, during which visions arose from the inmost depths of the soul, overspreading and displacing those on the canvas. Such at least was the effect it had on Eolian.

And now, as if prompted by a sudden impulse, he drew the picture from its case and held it before the eyes of the fisherman's wife.

"It is yours, young mother," he said. "For five years let it hang at the head of your bed, and when you look at it morning or night, remember that even trees have been known—in out-of-the-way places where no human eye could look at them—to make the sign of the cross; and at the end of the fifth year, if you are still alive (and I am sure you will be), promise me to hang it up in the nearest seaside chapel."

The young fisherman's wife was affected to tears, partly by the influence of the gift itself and partly by the voice and appearance of the giver. With many thanks and many a blessing she received it, though but

little aware of the costly gem of art of which she became the possessor.

And before they left the hut to continue their journey, Albano gave to the girl a little box of water-colors with a camel-hair pencil, and showed her how to use them. To the boy he presented a curious knife furnished with many blades of little saws and files; it had been made in Milan, and was considered very rare and beautiful. The fisherman's wife received in addition to the picture a costly ring, which he took from his own finger and placed on hers (there was no harm in it under the circumstances); to Eunöe he gave a golden arrow to ornament the braids of her hair; and to the fisherman himself several large pieces of solid gold coin, worth more than he could earn in the regular course of his trade in as many years. Eolian also gave according to his ability, and all seemed satisfied and grateful. The parting was not without tears.

After this, resuming their journey along a narrow road which led through an opening in the crags towards the interior, they reached that night a collection of shepherds where they slept under a tent. Some of the men sat up till morning watching their flocks; they were a kind of nomads, and according to the advance or decline of the year were accustomed to ascend or descend the sides of the mountain. The tents were woven of black goat-skins, and were the same kind that St. Paul used to make with his own hands. Around was heard a continuous bleating of lambs and the sound of innumerable sheep-bells.

IV.

Oh run, ere yet a single drop is
Down-falling of the coming storm,
And lay him on a bed of poppies,
In infant slumber, rosy-warm.

ABOUT midnight the artist awoke, and leaving the tent, walked to where a few shepherds were chatting around some logs which were burning with a slow flame. The Northern Cross was sinking in the western horizon ; the shepherds knew by that the hour, for they counted the watches of the night by the rising and setting of certain familiar stars. It was the eve of the Ascension, and from distant villages far off on the plain sky-rockets and fire-works ever and anon arose, mounted high in air, and exploded. A large monastery some six or eight miles to the westward was illuminated over the whole of its vast pile, and held up its brilliant lights far and wide in the quiet night.

Albano sat down with the shepherds and asked them many questions about their pastoral life. Ere long he was joined by Eolian, who came forth and also seated himself by the fire. After chatting for some time on such simple subjects as presented themselves to the company, there ensued a long interval of silence, during which the artist seemed absorbed in deep thought. At last he said, turning to Eolian, and speaking in a low, sweet voice :

“ It strikes me that much injury has been done to religion by too much classifying, defining, and philosophising. Truths which from their nature ought to be as fluent and mobile and as life-supporting as the air

and water, are encased in hard iron or fixed in firm moulds. Mysteries, instead of resting cloud-like on the heart like the Shekinah on the Mercy-seat between the wings of the Cherubim, are analysed and subtilised and frittered away into nothing. Open the books of the schoolmen: skeins twisted and tangled inextricably. Open the New Testament: lo! a world of wonder, but all alive, all beautiful, the very riddles like morning-clouds all aglow with the fire of an unseen but uprising Sun. As you read, hard outlines melt into graceful curves, apparent enigmas dissolve and melt into springs of living water, even apparent contradictions (in a way not to be explained by words) clear themselves in running, and flow lovingly together to one great ocean. Here all is love and softness, and smells like the precious ointment which the saintly sister poured upon the locks of Christ."

Eolian had never before heard him speak so continuously and fluently. He listened in silence. Even if his friend were wrong in his speculative belief, he seemed to be so in the sincerity of a pure heart. He did not, therefore, say one word to subvert or even modify his opinions.

The next morning was Ascension Day. A veil of rosy mist hung over the face of spring. All Nature was draped beneath a covering of warm bland vapor. One of the shepherds conducted them by a winding path to a great highway about two miles distant: it was the main road leading from the eastern to the western part of the island, and connected together two principal sea-ports.

The rose-tinted fog still continued, although in some places restless and tremulous as if wishing to mount.

Had it not been for this vapory screen, a public thoroughfare would have jarred on the feelings of the two wanderers, and they would have diverged into a by-road; but as it was, all commonplace ideas were beautified, all objects became idealised and spiritualised. Camels, hid from view at a little distance, came almost stepping on them out of the mist: went past market-girls riding towards a neighboring town on paniered donkeys: went past long strings of mules, whose bells could be heard approaching and receding behind watery curtains: palaces towered along the road-side, with musicians half-descended on roof and upper balcony: a band of bowmen, in honor of the day, stood with quivers on their shoulders, for the lifting of the mist, to try their skill in archery: everything was fluctuating in outline and magically dream-like. Ever and anon horns could be heard pealing behind the moist screen-work, but huntsmen and horns were all invisible.

I said it was Ascension Day: everything seemed ascending — larks, the wreath of flowers, the music of chiming church-bells; even the fogs uprose and mounted heavenward, and as they did so they left on every plant and herb strings of water-drops, like rosaries, to pray by.

On Albano descended a peculiar spirit of joyousness, unlike any he had ever before experienced. Though he knew this to be his death-day, he never before had felt such a keen enjoyment of life. It seemed to him as though the whole earth were a green play-ground, where human souls under the masks of fleshly bodies were sporting among flowers, and that the play-ground was at the same time a grave-yard, and that all, old and

young, were dancing and playing hide-and-go-seek around the tombs of their forefathers. All his senses became acuter; his ear collected and drew in from far and near the multiform harmonies of Nature; his eye, softly rolling on its axis, took in landscape after landscape with ever-increasing pleasure; he knew what flowers were blooming long before he reached them, and many springing up right and left, *talked* with him as he passed, and told him what colors they bore and how much longer they should live. "Your life will be short," he answered, "but still much longer than mine; and whilst we do live, let's e'en wag our heads merrily in the breeze." Eolian started; he thought the speech was addressed to himself. But Albano, perceiving his thought, added, "I was talking to the flowers over yonder," and as he spoke he pointed to a grassy slope southward of the road — "only with the flowers; that was all."

How much of second-sight and second-hearing was in this peculiar exaltation of the senses I leave the reader to imagine.

Erelong they came to a country road, crossing the main one and much narrower, along which peasants, festively clad, were driving fat cattle, and bearing on paniered mules and asses various articles of merchandise, as though to a village fair. They made music as they went on horns and drums, guitars and tambourines. Our travellers joined them, not so much to visit the fair as because they were anxious to penetrate deeper into the interior of the country. "Beyond the village where the fair is held I think the country will grow wilder and more solitary," said the artist. "Let us go that way then," answered Eolian. And on they went.

It proved more than a village, viz., an ancient market-town, with some four or five streets crossing each other at right angles, with an old cathedral standing on an eminence in the centre. As they neared it the crowds increased; every tributary lane and pathway poured down its own stream of visitants.

They made their way among lowing oxen and laughing country girls, and among the motley booths where boys were leaping and blowing their penny trumpets, straight up to the vestibule of the old cathedral.

There, on the lowest step (he dared not go any further), crouched a poor wretch, with a strong but thin steel chain which extended from his right arm to his ankle. His squalid beard, haggard features, and wild-rolling eye were fearful to look on. Besides, he was paler than a corpse. He was *now* a penitent, but having once committed murder, he had caused the offending sword to be forged into a chain, and had made a vow never to enter under any roof or visit the interior of any church as long as life remained.

As this man looked up from his rosary, and his eyes fell upon the countenance of the artist, he seemed strangely moved, for his thin lips trembled convulsively, and he exclaimed, "So heavenly innocent!" and lifting up his hands, wrung them in agony, causing the links of his chain to rattle as he did so, "Oh! sweet youth, intercede for me in there before the altar." Albano promised he would not forget him in his prayers, whereat tears of joy ran down the murderer's marble cheeks, and he cried, "Heaven bless thee, good angel, bless thee a millionfold!"

That morning, for the first and last time in his life, he partook of the Holy Communion, and as he did

so, his inner chambers of imagery became transfigured; his brain was converted into a picture-gallery, in which, to the mind's eye, scene after scene of the life of Christ arose in due succession and orderly sequence, but so rapidly as almost to appear simultaneous, and so vivid that actual bodily vision could scarcely have presented aught more impressive. It was a magical inner-moving panorama, colored to the life, faithful to history, costume and locality, instinct with the full spirit of the Holyland, and embracing in their whole extent the fifteen Mysteries included in the "Rosary of Our Lady," viz: the five Joyful, the five Dolorous, and the five Glorious Mysteries.

With a sort of inner vibratory motion, the *Word* (for the pictures were accompanied by a vivid recollection of the words spoken as well as the acts done by our Lord)—the *Word* went thrilling through his very bones, as though the hard skeleton itself was about to be melted and transfigured into the spiritual body spoken of by the Apostle—a foretaste, albeit, of the great change which shall come over us at the Final Day. And if the philosophic Chladni, by various musical touches, could cause light bodies placed upon a plate of glass to assume various forms according to the changes in the music, is it unreasonable to believe that on the morning of the world's second birth and new-creation, the bodies of all good men shall, by a new music of the spheres, arise new and glorified, though the particles which at first composed them shall in the meantime have gone through a million changes and transformations?

For more than an hour after the services were ended, Albano and his friend remained in the cathedral ab-

sorbed in deep meditation. When at last he came out into the larger temple of creation, his former spirit of joyousness came back upon him with full force. From early boyhood he had been fond of all athletic exercises, and ever had stood first amongst his schoolmates in all games requiring activity or sleight of hand. He now felt this early passion return upon him, and with it more than his wonted power.

In a green meadow within sight of the old market-town, merry groups were assembled, celebrating the day with all sorts of sports and pastimes. The young friends went down among them, and for a time looked on as inactive spectators. At last, Albano, being near a band of archers, asked an old bowman who stood idly by looking at the more youthful combatants, to lend him his weapon for a few moments, adding that for many years past his hand had been out of practice.

The white-bearded archer courteously handed him a bow. It was like its owner an old one, and somewhat the worse for wear. Albano taking it, discharged an arrow in the air, and said, "'Tis old and something worn, but I think it will do." He then selected from the quiver, which, as usual, contained arrows plumed with feathers from different wings, two shafts which he thought best suited to the soft wind then blowing across the meadow. Then all the youths made trial by turns. Some shot wide of the *bow-hand*, some wide of the *shaft-hand*; not one was so fortunate as to hit the *white*. And when Albano at the very first shot accomplished this latter feat, and at the second clove in twain the wooden pin placed in the centre of the butt, loud shouts of applause arose among the spectators, who admired his beauty as much as they appreciated his skill.

It was the same way among the quoit-players; the same among the wrestlers; the same among the foot-racers,—in all these games he won the prize. All the time, too, so great was his appearance of modesty, so gentle, so angelic was the expression of his countenance, that all on the meadow—even those he had overcome—were completely enamored. At last, when about to depart, they all pressed around and begged him (especially the maidens) to tarry longer with them, which when he mildly declined, one asked him whither he was bound, to which he with a rosy smile answered, “On a far journey, friend,” at the same time pointing upwards. This was spoken with his head directed back over his shoulder, in the act of receding; and I can’t tell what it was, but there was something in his *manner* of saying it which affected those rude men even to tears.

About noonday they could see from the summit of an eminence over which the road led, a broad extent of forest-land a few miles in advance, which they supposed to be the hunting-grounds of some rich nobleman of the island. They were right: it belonged to a young lord who resided half the year in Fumagosta and the other half in his own woods. “I hear their horns now,” said Albano, “though they seem from the sound to be a long way off. When I was a boy I once joined a party of huntsmen in the Friuli mountains, and so exquisite was the pleasure I enjoyed during that excursion, that ever since all that relates to the noble sport of woodcraft has been peculiarly dear to me.. In sooth I almost fear that I still prize these joys of the earth too highly, and that I am not yet sufficiently weaned from this beautiful world, my birth-

star, upon which the sun shines so lovingly. But why is it that all pastimes which are accompanied with some personal danger and give rise to hair-breadth escapes, are so much more exhilarating at the time and so much more pleasing in recollection? Is it not because they border nearer upon the confines of the invisible world, the spirit-land? Ay, it is this that gives them their peculiar zest, that makes the blood of the huntsman and the warrior tingle in their veins, and that often causes men of the noblest blood to be the most ready to expend it."

Just then along a by-road to the left came the gallant company, the sound of whose horns had excited the above reflections. They were prancing along over the green lane, laughing and singing in merry disorder, armed with boar-spears and cross-bows and fowling-pieces. There must have been more than two hundred of them. Their horses seemed as full of life and spirit as themselves, and were all gorgeously caparisoned. Some of the huntsmen had on their hands embroidered hawking-gloves, on which were perched fierce birds, hooded and hung with silver-bells. All garbed in forest-green, they pranced along, some pealing on their horns, some reining up their steeds to make them ramp, some pausing for a moment to lift huge drinking-horns to their bearded lips, some elevating in air upon their spears the trophies of the chase, and all so full of bravery and mirth, from their gaudy plumes down to their golden spurs, that a thoughtful person meditating on the many miseries that exist in this lower world, might almost wonder how so splendid a pageant could really spring into existence.

And there at the end of the lane, looking at them, were the poor poet and the painter, the one standing, the other seated on a donkey. Some of the huntsmen seemed disposed to scoff at them, but their leader (he was the nobleman of Fumagosta to whom the forest-lands belonged), checked them by saying: "Comrades, have ye not had sport enough in the woods this morning but ye must needs make *game* of two poor travellers, who seem weary and wayworn? Gentle strangers," he continued, addressing himself to the two friends, "we shall have a sylvan repast to-day in the heart of yonder forest: will you not honor us with your presence?"

The travellers accepted the invitation, and though from their mode of journeying and their unostentatious attire they formed an ill-assorted addition to the gallant cavalcade, they went along jocosely and with no sense of shame.

In the centre of the forest was a pool nearly circular in shape, and overarched with lofty tree-tops. The margin was carpeted with greensward. All around tables were spread, loaded with the results of the previous day's chase.

The feast was all ready when they arrived; grooms took charge of the horses, pages bore round silver ewers and clean towels, servants were in attendance to wash their hands and feet and to anoint their hair with fragrant essences, and ere ten minutes they addressed themselves with keen appetite to the repast.

As far as the pleasure of eating was concerned, I am sure Albano never enjoyed a dinner as he did that, everything had such a genuine game-flavor about it, and smacked so of the very core of the good green-

wood. Wild-boar and venison, heron and river-fowl, all cooked in their own rich juices, all steaming-hot from the fire, all animals that had been fattened by their own natural food and kept in perfect health by constant exercise. Eolian could scarce repress a smile when he marked his friend engaging in the pleasures of the repast with such unmistakable gusto.

Everything was in keeping. Servitors with long peacock feathers fanned away the flies. Wood-horns at different distances were answered by musicians with softer instruments stationed near. The very grand old trees nodded and waved in time to the melody; at least it *seemed* so to many whose brains were already heated by too frequent quaffs from their deep drinking-horns.

The two friends, though often urged to drink, for a long time confined themselves to pure water. At last Albano asked if they had out there in the woods such a thing as a common-sized wine-glass, such as ladies are wont to sip from; and upon two such, after long search, being produced, he said: "I do not know my friend's rule, but for myself, three of these constitute my limit. Signors! your good healths, and a long and happy life to you all," and as he spoke he arose from his seat, and waving his hand gracefully, took in the whole sylvan circle at a glance. All seemed carried away by the unusual sweetness of his voice and countenance — all except *one* man. This was a broad-shouldered, bull-necked fellow, rather short when standing, but when sitting, with comparatively long body and arms, who from the first had been disposed to scoff at the two friends (Albano had observed him as they rode along often looking back at them with a

satyr-like grin). He had a long foxy beard, splay-mouth and red eyelids, which he kept snapping continually; when he laughed his teeth looked tusky and swinish; in eating he ravened his food with the voracity of a wild beast, and in drinking knew neither measure nor moderation. Well, this man, by this time deeply under the influence of liquor, commenced biting his thumb and looking over at Albano, at the same time using insulting and rude language. These demonstrations were no sooner observed by the Lord of Fumagosta than he arose like a flash, and unsheathing a long, sharp wood-knife, and shaking it till its blade quivered in the sunlight, he cried in a voice of thunder: "Caitiff, beware! Another word like that, and this steel-blade quivers in thy heart. Dastard! Ho, huntsmen, strip him of belt, plume, and bugle-horn, and ——"

Albano with a soft smile quietly took the blade from the hand of its owner, and placing it on the table, looked, with a bland wave of the hand, towards the offender, and without uttering a word, by the sole force of a glance and a gesture at once disarmed the fury of the master and put to shame the brutishness of the follower. The latter crouched like a chidden hound, with his eyes on his plate in dumb sulkiness.

"Signor," Albano said, "this time I will intercede for him, and am sure the same thing will not occur again. And all of you, my good, kind friends, I call upon all of you and conjure you as you love your own souls, never to *abuse* that gift of God, the generous juice of the grape. Even the Saviour of the world appears to have sanctioned its *use* in due moderation and on certain occasions; but who does not know, who has

not seen how an excessive indulgence in it may render it the foulest curse of humanity, and sinks man below the level of the brute? This is an old truism which I need not offend your good taste by enlarging on. For the very delicious wine with which you have honored me to-day, I thank you heartily; richer or better it has never yet been my lot to taste. And you, my noble host, permit me to drink your good health a second time, and to return my warmest returns for your generous hospitality. This feast has to me been fraught with unwonted enjoyment, and did the Heavens permit, I should almost be tempted to don a suit of green, take hawking-glove and bugle-horn, and live with you in the woods for a season. It is a kind of life for which I always have felt a great fondness. But far other must be my lot. Like a snapped and broken bowstring, this mortal body shall soon be laid aside as no longer of any service. Ere nightfall, hunting-grounds very different from these must be visited. Farewell — forever? No, no,— perhaps ——” He pointed with his forefinger upward for more than a minute without finishing the sentence, and ere his hand fell to his side he gave it a wave, at the same time bowing his head quite low, and exclaiming solemnly, “Peace be with ye!” He seemed about to take his leave, when taking up his glass again and filling it, he said, “Let us all drink together in honor of the day; and ere we do so, permit me to observe by way of parting speech, that everything depends upon due measure and moderation whether there shall be an ascension to the brain of a spirit of good or of a spirit of evil.”

Without another word the travellers took their departure. Not so much Albano's words as a certain in-

effable grace and sweetness in his manner of uttering them, had produced a profound impression. In looking back as far as they could catch a view of the hunters through the openings between the huge trunks of the trees, they could see them standing about in groups and waving their hands in token of adieu.

After travelling for two hours they came in sight of a small chapel, which, with its little portico, hung on the brow of a steep hill immediately above the road. Some country girls, with their cheeks and eyes all aglow (they had been dancing), stood with flower-baskets in their hands on the airy portico, and tossed upon the passers-by showers of rose-leaves, some of which, in circling, fell upon Albano's face and rested in his clustering locks. They were singing Ascension hymns. The travellers round the hill; church and singers disappear; on their next view of it it is dimming away in the distance.

"No matter," said Albano, "there's another one. I'm pleased to see that God has built a great many houses along this road." He pointed with his forefinger forward, and ran his eye along it as if taking sight at some object a great distance off. Eolian, though his vision was strong, could see nothing like a church there, but yet was certain that his friend could not be mistaken. "And every God's house," resumed the artist, musingly, "has its little garden attached; and each garden has its seeds, which one day will bloom into flowers so heavenly bright that angels will be glad to pluck them. Eolian, in that little church, just before the main altar, there is room for one more grave: there bury me. You will find in my purse money sufficient to meet my funeral expenses and

leave about one hundred gold bezants over. Take these with you to Fumagosta and present them to the Orphans' Asylum."

He spoke in his usual bland, sweet tone of voice, and calmly placed his purse in his friend's reluctant hand. Eolian could not restrain his tears.

It was now about four o'clock P. M. The sun had become oppressively hot, the air dead-still; there was not breeze enough astir to shake a harebell or an aspen-leaf. "The earth," said Albano, "like a boy's top, has spun herself asleep. Only a low dull hum, a droning monotone, scarce audible, lets us know that she is not dead among her sister-planets. Her very *heart* seems asleep; and as of late a strange kind of sympathy has existed between my heart and hers, I feel creeping, melting over me, the sweetest — Oh, my friend, the sweetest, rosiest sleep I've ever felt since my mother rocked me on her knee in Venice."

As he spoke his head began to droop, and his eyes glowed like coals of fire which are dying away in their own embers. Languidly, languidly his long lashes seemed ready to drop together, but his cheek had more than its wonted bloom upon it; a sort of an infantine glow, a sanguine and relaxing ardor, such as often comes over healthy children a few moments before they are about to sink to sleep, slackened his muscles, rounded still more the outlines of his face, and added a more roseate hue to his complexion.

"I smell poppies up yonder," he said, pointing to a small elevation in front of them. Then sliding from the back of the donkey, he was supported by his friend to the spot indicated. One moment more, and he was lost in the deep world of slumber.

There was a storm coming on. That was evident from the peculiar feel of the atmosphere, although as yet but one small cloud was visible to the eastward, right opposite the sun, and travelling in the same direction, but very fast, and increasing in size as it came onward. The sun himself, as yet veiled only by his own splendor, was like a midnight sun as seen in polar lands in midsummer. A universal hush came over all Nature.

Eolian sat himself down beside his friend among the poppies. A similar drowsiness came over him too, but he strove hard against it, and sat with his elbow on his knee and his chin resting on the palm of his hand, watching the approach of the cloud. A white dove on silken wings went sailing over the hill-top, then another, then two more, and all four circled down on the other side flutteringly.

For more than fifteen minutes did Eolian remain in the same position, without moving, save that every now and then he turned his eyes from the cloud to mark the beautiful expression of his friend's countenance. "If this indeed be the sleep which comes before the last," he said to himself, "an angel could not enjoy a sweeter."

See! the donkey has ceased browsing, and stands snuffing the air with distended nostril and trembling in every limb. The cloud which at first was as white and scarcely larger than the moon when seen by day, has swelled up tower upon tower and bastion upon bastion, with ever and anon a flash like the discharge of artillery, accompanied by a low muttering of thunder. The scalloped edges nearest the sun gleam dazzlingly white, whilst the parts that are in shadow, from

their great opaqueness gloom into blackness deeper than that of smoked iron.

It looked as if the storm were every moment about to burst over them. Eolian placed his hand softly on his friend's shoulder and shook him. "I am coming," said Albano, passing his hand across his eyes and starting rapidly to his feet. With his head bent backward, and one hand extended upwards, as if about to grasp another hand reaching down from above, he said in a broken and tremulous kind of whisper: "Take me, take me, I am awake and ready."

Lo! in the blackest part of the cloud a broad fiery opening, then the first awful, deafening, instantaneous, earth-shaking explosion of thunder. Dismally, as the lower strata of cloud melted away and the sun shone partially through, did the sky assume a dark-red lurid tint, as if looking upon the earth with an eye of gloomy wrath. The very grass, before so cheerfully green, saddened in hue, and seemed to sympathise with the convulsion of Nature. The winds, furiously swelling into hurricanes, rushed from opposite points of the heavens; floods of rain deluged the earth, as if storm-spirits had suddenly emptied vast reservoirs of water; crash upon crash came down the upturned tumbling trees; the floating volcanoes overhead, disgorging mingled fire and water, rolled over the sun's disk and darkened the atmosphere.

Then for a few moments came a partial lull. Then a whirlwind came sweeping over the hill, and lifting the two friends off their feet, tossed them some twenty or thirty feet asunder; but soon they stood again side by side, awaiting calmly and prayerfully the event of the storm.

Another cleaving asunder of the clouds, another earth-heaving explosion. This was followed by effects nearly similar to the first.

"The third time the cloud opens," said Albano, "my Father will take me to Himself. I thought I saw just now Elijah's fiery chariot rolling downwards, but when the flash was over it disappeared. Farewell, Eolian." He kissed him warmly on the lips. "Thou hast been a dear, kind friend to me. To-day has been the happiest of my life. This is a beautiful world, and a million-fold more so when the soul is reconciled to God through Christ. It has been to me a sweet flowery playground. When the fiery horses appear again I shall leave thee. Don't forget to pray often that we may meet in heaven. Farewell, farewell."

He kissed him again more warmly than he had done before; then elevating both hands and looking upwards, he exclaimed: "Almighty Father, blot out my sins from the book of Thy remembrance, and do with me as Thou thinkest fit in Thy tender mercy."

The cloud opened a third time. A fiery flash gleamed athwart the deluge; both fell to the earth, Albano never to rise again, Eolian stunned and deprived of his senses.

How long he remained in that situation he did not know, but when he recovered his consciousness the storm had lulled; the westering sun had transformed all rain-drops on the trees into fiery opal; one-half the rainbow's arch was reared, the other half in the act of forming; birds opened again their painted wings; clouds of unimaginable beauty, like liquid crystallisations seen by the solar microscope, went, changing their shapes and colors, over the welkin, each change love-

lier than the last; the air, purified by lightning, was perfumed with the expressed essences of flowers and the volatile odors of tropical plants; the whole heaven was brightened and draped anew, the whole earth washed, sweetened and beautified like an Eastern bride.

Recovering by degrees from his swoon, the young poet remained for some time on his back in a sort of waking trance, unable or unwilling to call to mind the circumstances which preceded the cessation of consciousness. It seemed to him as though he had been sinking down, down below the centre of the earth, yea, lower still, and at last had come out into sunlight on the other side. Then he thought he had been travelling through a chaos of awful shapes and shadows, tumbling headlong down precipices ten million feet deep; now dashed down roaring cataracts to unimaginable depths; now walking on the bottom of a surging ocean; now swimming on seas of fire; now rapt up with inconceivable rapidity in the vortex of a whirlwind and tossed above the highest clouds; now wafted beyond the bounds of the solar system on the tail of a blazing comet. For some time after he began to recover from the effects of the lightning, he knew not where he was, or who he was, or what he had been before the thunder-storm.

The rainbow was the first object that attracted his attention; then the clouds, then the tree-tops. At last the films cleared off; his brain gradually recovered its healthy action. He thought of his friend; he looked around. There lay Albano, pallid but beautiful, his eyes wide open, his countenance serene. The lightning had not defaced aught of his exquisite beauty, or marred in the least the fine outline of his sculptured

limbs. His hands were calmly clasped, as if he had passed away in the act of prayer. There seemed to have been no violent movements or convulsive death-throes. The only mark of violence about him, as in the case of the Professor in Russia who, in imitation of Franklin, drew down the lightning from the clouds, was a small red spot in the middle of his forehead.

Eolian sat gazing on him till sundown, yea, longer, until the stars came forth in the sky. He then rose and looked around him, and as he did so there came over him a sense of awful solitude. He was alone with his dead friend in a strange part of the country. Shall he remain all night with the corpse, counting the weary hours by the rising and setting of stars? Distant sheep-bells? Hark! he hears them. He sees fires such as shepherds are wont to light by night when watching by their flocks. He throws a cloak over the corpse and hastens towards them. But his path is obstructed by fallen trees and swollen torrents; he is unable to grope his way in the darkness; he returns, and determines to remain until moon-rise.

The moon was in her wane; she did not rise till midnight. About that time he heard the chime of church-bells far to the eastward, and he had no doubt but that it came from the edifice in which his friend had directed his body to be buried. Slow and melancholy the moon moved up, as if mourning over the havoc produced by the storm. Again Eolian started in search of the shepherds, threading his way around vast prostrate trunks, scrambling over rough surfaces, and wading through turbulent water-courses.

At last he reached one of those vast flocks of sheep so often met with in Eastern lands; and three or four

of the shepherds returning with him to the dead body, kindly took it up and bore it to one of their tents, where it remained until evening of the following day. But before that, news of his death having reached the hunters with whom they had dined the day before, the whole sylvan band came in a body to attend his funeral. Also were present some black friars from a neighboring convent.

So about nighfall they all started from the tents to convey the body in solemn procession to the church which he had himself designated. In advance went the black friars, two by two, bearing funeral torches, and chanting solemnly. Then came the body with the face uncovered, borne by a band of youthful shepherds, who officiated by turns in this melancholy duty. Eolian followed, apart, with unsteady steps and drooping head. Then the huntsmen, without plumes in their caps, trailing their lances, and ever and anon sounding a mournful note on their horns in answer to the chants of the friars. Their horses were shrouded in deep mourning from the tip of the ear down to the fetlock.

Arrived in sight of the church, a small company of priests came out to meet them, one bearing a cross, some holding waxen tapers, some waving censers. Inside, the aisles and pillars were hung with black. As Albano had foretold, space was found before the main altar for one more grave, and into this, after all due ceremonies were performed over the body, it was slowly lowered, amidst the peal of the organ and the ringing of church-bells.

Peace be to his memory.

All night Eolian remained in the church, absorbed in earnest prayer. Just before sunrise he came forth

into the open air, and was not a little soothed and delighted to find that the church, from the beauty of its site and prospect, was well suited to serve as the burial-place of a young artist. On one side a distant range of mountains, with rosy clouds hanging over them; on the other a far-off view of the city of Fumagosta, with the blue Mediterranean beyond.

Peace be to his memory.

CRITIQUE,

ADDRESSED TO THE "ADDISON REUNION."

WELL, here we are again to-night :
Indeed, it is a handsome sight,
To see so many pretty girls
Decked out in ribbons and *false curls*,
With penciled brows and eyes so bright,
And faces fair — with lily-white ;
For now, you know, we're strictly taught
That nature must give place to art.

The *gents*, sure, we must not neglect,
For 'tis their nature to expect
Some praise, e'en though they don't deserve ;
But compliments they dearly love.
And as I have my part to play,
I'll "stoop to conquer" in that way,
And give them all the praise that's due
Their lordships, and a deal more too.

Last Monday I was gratified
To see *how many members* tried
To do their parts, as members should
(For we should all do what we could) ;
And out of twenty-one or two,
I think THREE read,— now, *that will do !*
I'm very sure you'll all agree
On this first point, at least, with me.

The first piece was read very well,
Although the gent cut *quite a swell* ;

Yet, he is *young*, and we must try
To pass his imperfections by;
Besides, if you'd been in *his* place,
And had, as *he* had then, to face
Two eyes so "*deeply, darkly blue*,"
I think you'd been quite flustered too.

The next piece, read by Emma G.,
Was just as sweet as it could be;
And could it have been otherwise,
Then I'll not dare to criticise.
Yet there were some who laughed and talked,
And others too who danced and walked;
So I am sure they have not heard
In *all that piece one single word*.

The next, by Mr. T. O. Crouse
(The finest reader in the house),
I must confess I did enjoy
Intensely. He's a jolly boy,
And though he's *spoiled a little bit*,
I'm sure he will *get over it*,
Especially if Miss McK.
Will just a word of counsel say.

Miss Katie W——d — well, I'll be brief —
Sang her song sweetly, "*Ivy Leaf*";
But had she, with a *quiet grace*,
Resumed once more her hiding-place
Behind Miss Emma, I expect
'Twould with us all had more effect.

A word now to our President:
Surely he must from *heaven been sent*;

Indeed, I'd not be much surprised
To find him an *angel* in disguise —
So kind and good, so *patient* too.
Say all I will, I cannot do
Him justice; but this much I *know* :
Some one would like him *for her beau*.

But though he is so very kind,
You'll seldom, if at all, there find
Good order : as for instance now,
Just listen and I'll tell you how
A Mr. R—— performed *his* part,
And how a Doctor too got caught.
Dear me ! it is a silly way
For *men* like little boys to play.

These two Gents in a corner went,
On fun and mischief both intent,
When all at once a grand uproar
Was heard, and *flatly* on the floor
The Doctor all bewildered sat :
Ah ! *naughty George*, did *you* do that ?
I'm sure *you* meant no harm at all,
Yet did that help *Joe* in his fall ?

The *dining-room* seemed very gay,
For there Miss E. B. held her sway ;
And with her friend, the merry Kate,
Planned mischief at an awful rate.
They pinched and worried Tommie C.,
Who got as mad as mad could be ;
Nor did they cease until he went
With *out cries* to the *President*.

Well, this is our Society !
What would a stranger say, could he
Look unobserved, some Monday night,
Into our midst, and see the sight
I saw ? Don't you think his eyes
Would beam with wonder and surprise ?
But, " brevity's the soul of wit,"
So with a bow to all I'll *quit*.

YOURS, NOT A BIT.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE POETESS,
"NOT A BIT."

MAY Heaven bless *thee*, poetess,
And may thy verses ne'er grow less ;
With harmless wit and merry mood
Expose the vain and check the rude.
Thus far thy praise I too would sing ;
But when thy muse on Fancy's wing
Would rise, and soar even to the skies,
To sing of angels in disguise —
This word of counsel (by your leave),
Fair poetess, from me receive :
Don't turn the angel to a beau,
It mars the pretty figure so ;
But if this change thou wilt allow,
In glad submission I will bow :
Be thou, dear friend, the *angel* meant ;
Thy beau shall be our President,
Or some one else with heart and wit
To sign himself "*Thine, every bit.*"

WELCOME TO JUNE.

JUNE, June, beautiful June!

Oh, how I welcome thy coming once more!
Never to me didst thou come too soon,
Nor tarry half long enough, I am sure.

Flowers, flowers, pretty bright flowers!

Shining like precious gems well set in green;
Decking the fields, woods, gardens and bowers,
Forming June's lovely apparel, I ween.

Birds, birds, sweet-singing birds!

Filling the air with melodious notes;
Teaching us lessons without using words,
Warbling them forth from their delicate throats.

Streams, streams, gay laughing streams!

Rippling along from the hills through the vales;
Sparkling like emerald threads in the sunbeams,
Creating joyousness that never fails.

June, June, soul-cheering June!

Loveliest month of all months in the year!
With thy bright flowers, thy birds all in tune,
And streams so refreshing, I welcome thee here!

J. T. W.

OUR LITTLE QUEEN.

OH, come to our home, for there may be found
A dear little Queen whom our love hath crown'd;
Her sweet soul shines through her eyes of blue,
Loving and innocent, kind and true.

Her hair is her crown, so wavy and bright,
Like a sunbeam of gold when touched by the light;
Our heart is the throne on which she doth reign,
And the household *all* are her loyal train.

Fair is our Queen with her crown of gold,
And how we serve her need never be told;
Her brothers brave are her knights so true,
And she rules us all with her eyes of blue.

Hail to our Queen with the gleaming crown!
May never a cloud o'er her pathway frown;
We'll try our bravest to guard her from ill,
And with love and joy her life we will fill.

Even those from afar have felt her bright sway,
And have bowed their heads to walk in her way;
But though she wieldeth a sceptre so bold,
Our dear little Queen is but one year old.

MRS. A. B.

A VISIT TO WESTERN, MD., COLLEGE,

*With a group of young Ladies and Gentlemen, to whom
these lines are respectfully inscribed.*

A RIFT in the clouds, where the light peeps through
With a golden tinge and a streak of blue,
Fair sign that the eve will be clear and red
In spite of the clouds which hang overhead,
Invites the fair maid from her lone retreat
To a promenade on the busy street,
And the ardent youth it calls from his task,
Rejoiced in the smile of beauty to bask.

Miss Maggie, Eliza, Mary, and Em,
Miss Fannie and Jennie added to them,
With Hering and Norris, gallant young beaux,
And my humble self, our party compose.
Miss Maggie's face now grows bright as the sky,
And her bosom heaves with a tender sigh.
All right, Miss Maggie, you needn't to blush
When we speak of "*Fish*," and tell us to hush,
For 'tis proper and right *such* Fish should be
Caught in "the net" by a "mermaid" like thee.
Mary and Jennie are rivals, it seems,
Figuring largely in Sailor-boy dreams;
And Miss Fannie looks as sweet as a bride,
With N—— so gallant and gay by her side;
While Miss Emma, the undisciplined elf
(If her hair had been curled), looked like herself.

The merry group this that looked from the height
Of the College tower on the scene so bright,

Which seemed as we glanced with wondering eyes
Like a grand old picture hung from the skies.
The mountains are blue in their misty veil,
And the golden clouds in the soft air sail,
Or stand like isles in a heavenly sea —
Islands of beauty where spirits may be
Bathing their wings in that heavenly sea —
And the glowing cheek of the western sky
Looks soft as a maid's when the blushes dye ;
And the lingering sunbeams kiss the clouds
Thro' the golden mist which the mountain shrouds ;
The song of the robin floats on the breeze,
And the soft zephyrs woo the whispering trees,
Filling the air with their sweet melodies.
While we gaze entranced on the lovely scene,
Softened in twilight the velvety green
Which robes the hills in softest of plush,
All earth seems to smile, and heaven to blush.
Our illy-planned town so peacefully spread
In straggling beauty o'er the valley's bed,
Its white and its red contrasting with green,
In the picture makes quite a beauteous scene ;
While the dear familiar homesteads arise
Through the twilight shadows to greet our eyes,
And the manly game on the common green,
A *tableau vivant* adds much to the scene.
The eye wanders on o'er valley and hill,
O'er forests and fields, to farm-house and mill ;
Visions of beauty wherever we look,
The wide-spreading vale, the murmuring brook
Whose sweet voice is heard thro' the twilight shade,
As near the fern rocks it flows to the glade.
Gently the shadows of evening descend,

Softly and sweetly at eventide blend
The beauties of earth, the brightness of heaven ;
The birds' evening song in chorus all given,
In harmony sweet, conspiring, it seems,
To waft our spirits to the land of dreams.
On fancy's swift wings we soar to the clouds,
While a silvery mist the College enshrouds ;
The girls are transformed to spirits with wings,
And a golden harp with a thousand strings
Is strung by invisible angel-hands,
As we roam abroad in bright fairy-lands.

A word or two more ere I close my rhyme.
In years to come you will think of the time
Which is passing now so swiftly away,
When your hearts are light and your spirits gay.
You will not forget Westminster, I know ;
Then bear a kind thought wherever you go
For the humble scribe who loves you so well,
He cannot find words his devotion to tell.
This whispered prayer breathes warm from his heart :
A life full of joy, kind Heaven impart ;
And when the gates of the spirit-land near,
May life's evening-skies unclouded appear,
The soul descending as calmly to rest
As Phoebus droops to the waves of the West.

B.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

THOU hast beauty. Beware !
It hath proven a snare
 To many much older than thou ;
'Tis a Heaven-sent gift,
And thy soul it should lift
 To Him who doth all things bestow.

Hast thou pleasure ? Then laugh ;
Smiles are better by half
 Than tears on the rose-bud of youth ;
But in joys, still arise
From the earth to the skies,
 On the wings of heavenly truth.

Seek for wisdom : be sure
Like a rock 'twill endure
 The surgings of life's roughest waves ;
For 'tis lovely and strong :
Like true woman, and song —
 The music the soul ever craves.

Thus let all things combine
Thy affections t'entwine
 More closely, more sweetly to heaven ;
So thy heart shall be stayed,
And thy sorrows allayed,
 While earth's purest pleasures are given.

OLD AND YOUNG IN THE SANCTUARY.

THE beautiful flowers (we sometimes say),
As they bloom in the light of the open day,
Seem a silent worship to God to pay :
And this is a fancy I love full well,
Yet a fact more pleasing I have to tell.

In the temple are "flowers" exceeding fair,
Now rendering audible worship there,
In songs of praise and in holy prayer :
"The blossoming almond" there is seen,
And the "rose," and the "lily," too, I ween.

Oh, what can be sweeter than blended song
From the aged and young, the feeble and strong,
As it trembles or rolls from their willing tongue
To the praise of the God who gave them breath,
And hath blessed them in life and will save them
in death?

J. T. W.

THE EMIGRANT WAGON.

BY THE REV. DAVID WILSON, M. D.

It was on its way to the far, far West,
The emigrant wagon "from Ohio,"
With oxen behind and horses abreast,
Going, I believe, to "Old San Joe."
I gazed on the team and I gazed on the men,
On the woman and girls, the dogs and boys,
On cattle and sheep, each in number ten,
And listened anon to the curious noise
Which the jingle of pans and skillets made,
Behind on the coupling pole displayed.

I was a diffident, bashful boy,
And averted my eyes as the girls looked back,
And I started at the loud "Wo-hoy,"
And the whip with its whizzing, stunning crack ;
And the boys laughed outright at me,
For doubtless they thought them richer far
In visions of beauty I ne'er could see,
Lying far west towards the evening star ;
And I sighed as the merry train moved on,
A moment only — and all were gone.

And man that I am, I can ne'er forget
The oxen and horses, the men and boys,
And I wonder if all which their eyes have met
Was the real of childhood's imaged joys ;
Have griefs ne'er darkened their Western sky ?
Has wealth poured forth its shining store ?

Do they ne'er turn an averted eye
To the homes which, alas ! they shall see no more?—
Claiming a longing, a last behest,
A grave in all climes but the distant West.

Whatever their fate, or where'er they dwell,
Whether living or dead, let their fame be sung
In numbers sweeter than e'er hath fell
From a rustic bardling's faltering tongue ;
Give honor and praise to the noble name,
Who hath harnessed steam to the rolling car,
And greater to him who hath chained the flame
And winged our thoughts as the lightnings are :
But before them all, "from Ohio,"
Was the emigrant wagon to "Old San Joe."

A CHRISTMAS PAPER.

“That season comes
Wherein our Saviour’s birth we celebrate :
Hallowed and gracious is the time.”—SHAKESPEARE.

UP to the skies,
 This day,
Let songs of gladness rise ;
 Homage pay
To the glorious King
Who doth salvation bring ;
Who openeth again
The way of bliss to men.

God of love !
From heaven above
Thou didst send down
Thine only Son
To ransom us from guilt ;
And now, our hopes are built,
Securely on
This sure foundation-stone ;
God-man among us known,
Did for our sins atone !

Jesus came —
 Blessed name ! —
At the appointed time,
And signs sublime,
 Foretold
 Of old,
Attended Him.

Four thousand years had run
Since time his race begun ;
Earth had been a scene of blood

 Since the fall
 That ruined all ;
But now the nations stood
In pausing, silent mood ;
Peace her flag unfurled
Over all the world ;
Dumb each heathen oracle ;
Men wait to see a miracle :
Some taught by revelation,
Others by dim tradition,
 That the year
 Drew near
When the world's wonder
 Would appear.

Judah now no more,
Fully as in days of yore,
The kingly sceptre bore,
And this was indication
To the subject Jewish nation
That the Shiloh was at hand ;
Yet but few did understand
The nature of the coming or the reign
Which the Shiloh would assert, and would maintain.

The Roman eagle's wing
Was o'er the vassal king,
Herod by name,
When there came
To an humble, pious priest,
Whose years were well increased,

While, in his place,
With simple grace,
He ministered within the temple grand;
And while without the people praying stand,
An angel of the Lord,
Who bore to him the word
That holy prayer was heard,
And that he, even he
The favored sire should be
Of a son,
To forerun
The long-expected one,
And that he, even he
Should the glorious Saviour be.
And the angel gave a sign,
That this message was divine.

Gabriel, the angel sent
From God, to Mary went —
Virgin Mary, Joseph's spouse,
And with message glad did rouse
Her troubled soul from fear,
Saying, Lo! thy God is near,
And to thee he will appear;
By the power of his spirit
Thou shalt the gift inherit:
He will give to thee a Son
Who shall be the Holy One,
Sprung from David's royal line,
Human, yet no less Divine:
And thou his name shalt call
Jesus, Saviour of all
Who may His grace receive
And shall on His name believe.

Over the hill in haste,
After due time had passed,
 Mary went,
 Heaven sent,
And there she saw the mother
Of her promised Son's fore-runner —
Fore-runner who, though yet unborn,
Did leap for joy that blessed morn.
Elizabeth this wondrous token took
As indication sure that she would look
Ere long upon the coming Lord,
Evermore to be adored ;
Even as now she gazed
On Mary's face, and praised
The God who over all the rest
Of womankind had made her blest.

 And Mary humbly said,
 " Oh, my soul, too, is glad ;
 My spirit doth rejoice
 And magnify the Lord,
 My Saviour and my God,
 That He hath made the choice
Of me, poor, lowly maid,
To have such honor paid
As thou, fair cousin, hast
So tenderly expressed :
But be all praise bestowed
Upon my gracious Lord ;
For He, the Mighty One,
Hath all these wonders done."

When the time was drawing near
For the Saviour to appear,

Pious Joseph in alarm
Anticipated harm ;
But in a pleasant dream
God's angel cheered him,
Saying, " Mary shall be thine,
And with thee it shall be well ;
She shall bear a Son Divine,
To be called Emmanuel :
Jesus !
God with us."

By Augustus's decree —
Roman Emperor was he —
That the world should taxed be,
Joseph (sprung from David's house)
With his well-beloved spouse,
Must to Bethlehem repair
(David's city) ; and while there,
The days accomplished were
When the Saviour should appear
Oh, it was a glorious morn
When Emmanuel was born !
Though in humblest form He came,
" God with us " is still His name.
In the caravanserai's recess
Mary prints his brow with kisses,
Then within the quiet manger
Gently lays the blessed stranger.

Out on Bethlehem's plains
That night,
Starry bright,
Wondrous angel-strains
Broke forth upon the air,

Which shepherds (watching there
Over their flocks) heard,
Bringing this word:

“ Fear not ! good news to you ;
Great joy to every heart !
The Saviour’s born ! Go view,
E’en now for Bethlehem start. ”

Then suddenly a host
Of angels join in song,
And of God’s mercy boast,
In notes both loud and strong :
“ To God in the highest be glory,
To men be there peace upon earth,
Good-will now to all is the story
We sing o’er the Saviour’s birth.”

Then soaring back to heaven the angel went ;
The shepherds, meanwhile, ready footsteps bent,
Toward Bethlehem, where the infant Saviour lay,
To whom, on seeing, they glad homage pay.

And quiet Mary praised God in her heart
For all the grace He did to her impart ;
Above all else, that Jesus now was given
To show poor wandering souls the way to heaven.

O celebrate the morn

For aye,

On which the Prince of Life and Peace was born ;

Homage pay

To the glorious King

Who doth salvation bring ;

Who openeth again

The way of bliss to men :

Let little children raise

Their voices in His praise ;
Young men and maidens join
To swell the song divine ;
And age, though trembling near the tomb,
Rejoice, rejoice, that the Lord has come !

AFTER-PIECE.

DAYS pass, eventful, by ;
And now behold the pious pair
Entering the holy place of prayer ;
See the gentle Jesus lie,
Sweetly resting on His mother's breast,
As, doubtless, she on His did after rest,
And as all mortals may, thro' grace, be blest
To do,
If they that grace pursue.

The holy child now consecrated,
See Simeon old, who long had waited,
And to whom it was revealed
That before his eyes were sealed
In death's embrace,
He should behold the face
Of God's own Son of grace ;
See him take the Blessed in his arms !
And hear him filled with Jesus' heavenly charms,
Exclaiming with a joyous heart,
" Lord, let Thy servant now depart ;
Let him depart in peace,
His anxious throbbings cease,
For Christ, the Saviour, 's come
To gather sinners home ;

Freed from their sins, to dwell
In heaven! Oh, all is well!
Lord, let Thy servant now depart,
And live forever where Thou art!"

And Anna, too, a godly prophetess,
Did, like old Simeon, thanks to God express,
That she was favored to behold
The Saviour all the seers foretold.

Eastern sages from afar,
Having seen a wondrous star,
Which they recognised to be
That foreseen in prophecy,
Hastened to Jerusalem,
Inquiring where Judea's King was born,
Since they had seen his star
One beauteous morn,
And since that star had led them hither on.
"'Tis written, *In Bethlehem,*"

The Scribes replied.

Then, with the star for guide,
The wise men thither hied,

On their own errand good;
On Herod's, stained with blood,

But that they heard
The warning angel's word,
And turned their steps aside

After they'd seen
The holy Babe serene,
And homage given

To him, the Prince of Heaven.

Him wicked Herod would,
If wicked Herod could,

Have prematurely slain.
But Jesus would remain ;
And did, till He wrought fully out the scheme
By which our ruined race He did redeem.
Oh, matchless grace !
He saved our race
From sin and shame by His own precious blood,
Which, when the time had come, so freely flowed.
Let all bow down, adore and own him
Saviour, God !

J. T. W.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

BY EVERETT.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

[How the following manuscript came into my possession shall not remain a mystery. To say that it, all stained and damp and musty, was found carefully folded and scientifically packed and sealed up in a bottle, floating hither and thither at sea, or that it was surreptitiously obtained from the dead-letter office, might possibly add to the interest of the story; but this would be untrue, and untruth can have no place in connection with the *facts* related in these papers.

I, the junior member of the former firm of Rogers & Twigg, attorneys-at-law, practising in Westminster, Maryland, found it among the private documents of my deceased partner.

After reading it, I put it away in the pigeon-hole of an old desk, and soon it was entirely forgotten. One evening in early spring-time, whilst wandering about the beautiful grounds of the cemetery near W——, I was approached by a very old man, who I knew had filled the, to him, highly honorable and responsible post of village grave-digger for many years.

The sight of him recalled to my mind, in some unaccountable manner, the papers I had thus found; and when he came up to me, I asked him where Jack Lawson was buried. He pointed to two graves in a rarely visited part of the place, and said:

“There he be, sir; buried alongside o’ Agnes Griffin, his sweetheart.”

Standing by their graves that bright summer day, and thinking of their sad fate, I concluded that the true history of their lives would be of sufficient interest to all to justify me in publishing the manuscript which I had discovered, as in it alone could such a history be found.

Then, too, it is well that this true story should be given to the public, because there has for a long time existed an almost universal belief that Jack Lawson was in some way the cause of all the sorrow and trouble that befel Agnes Griffin. This is owing to the fact that his conduct has been heretofore judged without a knowledge of all the circumstances under which he acted. As this manuscript is published for the purpose of making those circumstances known and of correcting this erroneous judgment, it is called "Give the Devil his Due."]

CHAPTER I.

THE WILL.

"What a world is this that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in !
But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,
It's the hardest old world that ever was known."

ON the 23d day of May, in the year 1786, at midnight, died my old friend Jacob Griffin. I am thus particular in stating the precise time, because in that very hour was born the one great trouble and difficulty of my life. Jacob, having been as a general thing a very prudent and sagacious man, left a will, of which I was the executor; but—and this was by no means either prudent or sagacious—he also left a handsome widow and a very pretty daughter, of whom he wished me to be the particular friend and guardian. I do not mean that he should have made away with them before his death in any illegal manner, but that he should have left them in the care of a man more competent to execute the trust than was old Robert Rogers, attorney-at-law—a confirmed old bachelor and a crabbed old man.

Keen, sharp, and shrewd, with a vast knowledge of the world and of men, fond of money and saving to

the last degree as was Jacob Griffin, it was perfectly incomprehensible to his friends why he had ever perpetrated the egregious blunder of matrimony.

Now that he is dead, however, it is a great comfort to us all to think and to know that when he did it there were many little circumstances to show that he was temporarily deranged.

As I knew him before his troubles began, he was a short, stout, middle-aged man, with a very bald head, very red face, and thin crooked legs, who wore an old, shabby, tobacco-stained suit of broadcloth, a battered stove-pipe hat, unlaced shoes, and a very dirty shirt. Suddenly, all this was changed. He grew careless about his business; sat in his office for hours sighing and writing mysterious notes on small, gilt-edged paper; dressed in the best and most fashionably made clothes he could purchase; wore patent-leather boots and kid gloves; carried a gold-headed cane, and looked altogether like one of those city swells who are popularly supposed to have more *on* their heads than *in* them. Then, too, he was frequently detected writing verses addressed "To my dear Sarah," and containing such allusions to "Eyes of celestial blue," and "Locks of brightest gold," as surely no mortal man in his senses would ever even dream of.

All this would have been very strong evidence of insanity before any jury in the land not composed of equally insane married men and young fools.

Be that as it may, however, Jacob Griffin had certainly been married, and now I as surely had been left as the one friend of his wife and the guardian of his daughter. I quickly discovered that the execution of the duties thus imposed upon me would prove no light task.

A cross baby is, I have frequently noticed, a very troublesome article to manage; mules are proverbial for their obstinacy, and donkeys celebrated for their stupidity; but all the babies, mules, and donkeys in the world put together would be more easily managed than were that widow and her only child. Not but that I could have worked along very easily with Agnes, for she was very amiable and sweet-tempered; but it was the widow who made all the trouble: she was a born Tartar if ever there were one. Apparently she was simplicity itself, and her heart seemed to overflow with the warmest affections of human nature; in reality, however, it was with her as with an oak — the very hardest part of her was her heart.

She was a pattern member of church, attended regularly to all her religious duties, and said her prayers so devoutly before an assembled congregation as to leave no doubt in their minds that she was continually on her knees at home, and that she was far on the highroad to heaven, travelling thither by express with no stoppages at way-stations. Weekly she heard sermons on the sublimity of faith, hope, and charity; she attentively listened, and conscientiously practised in so far as to have faith in herself, hope for the success of her ambitious worldly aims, and charity for no one. She could kneel at the altar and pray for a poor sinner with the greatest unction, loudly crying, "O Lord! forgive him;" and then, gathering up her skirts, sweep carefully past him kneeling humbly at the church door, as though she feared to touch his inferior clay with her well-preserved, old-fashioned, elevenpenny-bit black merino dress. Of herself she had never thought to inquire, "Who art thou that judgest another?" and in her opinion the only

mistaken words Christ ever uttered were, "Let him who is without sin himself cast the first stone."

She had the "gift of gab" remarkably well developed, and could talk an old lawyer like myself out of his boots on any subject, in ten minutes by the watch. She knew a little law, a little medicine, a good deal of theology, was particularly well posted on all religious matters, was a first-class gossip, and could wind up an hour's talk on church matters with the precious little bit of information that Miss Sarah Jane Brown really did have a false tooth. So varied was her genius that I would have been willing to wager a large amount on her being able to do anything, from knitting a stocking to managing a complicated lawsuit.

Deceitful, vain, and ambitious, with the power of hiding her true character behind the mask of religion and virtue, she was a dangerous, unscrupulous woman.

A few days after the funeral I called on her, for the purpose of reading to her her husband's will, which had been left in my care. She received me with her customary smile, and invited me to be seated with a politeness that, to one knowing her as I did, was portentous of a coming storm. I at once proceeded with my business, and tearing open the large sealed envelope which Jacob had informed me contained his will, I drew forth two papers. Opening the larger one, I read aloud the contents. It bequeathed everything to Agnes except a thousand dollars, which was the amount left to the widow in addition to her dower. I read slowly on, expecting every moment to be interrupted by a fierce burst of anger from Mrs. Griffin; but I was not. She sat perfectly still-until I had finished and was about to take up the second paper. Then she sprang to her feet, and

shaking at me her clenched hand, fairly screamed out : "O you villain ! you hoary-headed old scoundrel ! You persuaded him to do it, I know you did ! You always hated me ! .Curse him, and curse you ! I'll be avenged of you both, see if I don't !" With a parting scowl she swept out of the room, leading her daughter by the hand. There have been few occasions in my life when all power of thought deserted me. This was one. When Bill Sands, a young lawyer whom I was skinning before the jury with a keen relish, unable longer to stand my sarcasm, struck me full in the head with a large-sized inkstand, was another ; but the widow's words were worse than the blow. I a scoundrel and a villain ! I should have to see about that. Have vengeance, would she ? Well, I would see about that too. That was a game at which two could play — a game of which, if I had only known it, I then held in my hand the winning card

Thoughtless in my indignation, I folded up the documents and left the house without reading the second paper. I carried them to my office, replaced them in my drawer, and went home, still brooding over the widow's angry words.

After a short time my wrath partially wore away, and I began to think about the paper enclosed with the will, and to wonder what it contained. My curiosity finally grew so strong that, although it was long past office hours, I determined to go back and read it.

On entering the office I found there Jack Lawson, a young man who was reading law with me, and whom I was to take into partnership in a short time. He looked up with some surprise when I entered, as though wondering at my appearing at so unusual an hour, and then went on with his reading.

I went to the drawer, unlocked it, and to my surprise could find but one paper — the will. What could I have done with the other? I felt sure I had placed them away together, and yet it was not there.

I looked for it in every probable and improbable place, but it could not be found.

"Jack," said I, "have you opened this drawer since three o'clock?"

"I have not," he replied. "Why, what's up now?"

"I have lost a paper," I answered with considerable irritation, "and I am sure I placed it in that drawer an hour ago. Now, however, it has disappeared, and it is very singular, to say the least of it, that you don't know something about it."

"Do you mean to insinuate, sir," said he, "that I *do* know anything about it when I have told you that I do not?"

"No, no, don't get angry, Jack; I am a little worried about this thing, and have spoken too fast. Let it drop; I don't suppose it is of much importance." Saying which, I hastened off home again.

It was not a matter, however, to be so easily dropped, and my thoughts would revert to it. I could not believe that Jack Lawson had told me an untruth. He was a young man of twenty-two, an orphan, and when I found him, without friends. I liked him from the first time I met him for his bright intelligent face, his frank, hearty manner, and his kind, generous disposition. He was the soul of honor, and heartily despised all petty falsehoods.

No, he had told me the truth — he knew nothing at all about the matter; and yet how could that paper have been taken from that drawer without his know-

ledge? Where was it? What were its contents? Ah, if I had only known! But it was not so to be. Fate through its means was working out the destiny of two human beings.

After many months of sorrow and trouble and pain, it was again to come to light, to produce new disasters, shocking inhumanity, remorse and death.

CHAPTER II.

ALL ABOUT LOVE.

“And thus forever, throughout this wide world,
Is love a sorrow proving;
There are still many sorrowful things in life,
But the saddest of all is loving.”

DAYS, weeks, and months slipped away, bearing with them into oblivion all the petty cares and troubles recorded in the last chapter. Agnes, now a beautiful heiress, had been and still was much sought for by the village beaux, but as yet she had apparently given her heart to no one. Her mother had acquired such absolute control over her, and so easily influenced her every action, that my services as her guardian were never required. Agnes was a good girl—gentle, kind, and loving. Possessed of more intelligence, she was yet in many ways weaker than the average of her sex. Her weakness was not of the mind, but was rather of that kind so winning in woman—a weakness that left her unable to stand alone and battle with the world, and which was continually yearning after some support; but a weakness also that deprived her of that moral

courage which enables a woman to cling to the one she loves though all others have left him, braving the opinion of the whole world for his sake, comforting him in his adversity, though it might be of sin and shame, and cheering him in the hour of trial — always hoping for the best. She depended upon the opinion of others even in the most trivial things, and desired no other condition in life than to live under the care of some one who would always tell her what to do. If she saw one, even though she loved him dearly, beginning a course that would lead to his ruin, instead of speaking a loving word to check him, she would be the first to leave him, simply because others did. Being of this disposition, it was no wonder that a woman like her mother soon acquired such control over her — even over her very soul. So complete was this influence that the girl would at her mother's wish have sacrificed every hope most dear to her heart without reasoning and without hesitation. As Jack Lawson said, if the old woman but took a pinch of snuff you might in a short time expect to hear the daughter sneeze.

In a few days more she would be twenty-one, and I would then be required to give up all authority over her and her money. On that day, too, Jack Lawson and I were to enter into our proposed partnership. Everything was in readiness for both events, and I had commenced to feel that at last some of the burdens of life were about to be lifted from my shoulders.

One evening, after business hours, as I was leaving the office, Jack requested me to remain with him for a few moments, as he had something very important to himself to tell me.

Laying aside my hat and cane, I told him to proceed.

"Mr. Rogers," said he, "you have always been very kind to me, very kind; so kind indeed that I feel I can never repay you."

"Oh, bother all that, Jack; is that all you've got to say?"

"Hear me through, sir," he replied; "I won't detain you very long. As I said before, I can never repay you, and yet I am about to ask you to do me a still greater favor than any I have ever before asked."

"I'll do anything in the world for you, Jack; anything. You know that."

"Wait till you hear all about it," he continued, "and then promise. I'm in love with your ward. I have loved her for years, and she loves me."

"Phew!" whistled I. "Jack, how's your appetite?"

"It's all right," said he; "why do you ask that?"

"Digestion good, eh?"

"Yes, certainly."

"No pain about the head, or lungs, or anywhere, my dear fellow?"

"No. Don't make fun of me; I'm not in the humor for it."

"My dear boy, I was never more in earnest in my life. You're sick, and don't know it. I must really have the doctor see you."

"I tell you I am not," said he. "I'm as well as I ever was; but I am in love with Agnes Griffin."

What a remarkable thing is this that we all call love! Look at that great, rough, bearded man, all stained with powder and blood, fighting like a very devil in a foreign land, and against strangers! See him again as he stands by a hearth by him made desolate, nursing a

little child by him made an orphan! What has made that rough hand, but a moment ago, bathed in blood, now so soft and gentle? What has brought that tear to his eye, and changed his look from that of a devil to that of a god? Love has done it; he is thinking of another child, his own, and of another home far away.

This is a love that I could understand; but the love of a young man for a young woman, springing up without apparent cause, unexplainable even by the parties themselves, feeding upon nothing but itself, desiring nothing beyond itself, unreasonable and uncontrollable — *this* I cannot comprehend.

To be continually falling in love is a peculiarity of young people that cannot be accounted for. Lock a young fellow up in a room for an hour with a good-looking young lady, no matter if he has never before seen her, and ninety-nine times in a hundred when he comes out he'll say, "Oh, but I do love that girl, she's an angel, she is!"

I consider it a disease, only curable by time and absence, or matrimony. Thus I looked upon Jack's love; and as it was impossible for me to allow him to leave me, I dropped upon the last remedy, and asked him why, if he loved Agnes, he did not go and marry her.

"Ah," said he, "now you are coming to the point. I have asked her to marry me, and she consented provided her mother would agree to it. I immediately asked the old lady, and was told to go to — 'where the woodbine twineth.'"

"Jack," said I, "where's the good of it all? Can't you let her go? There are plenty of other girls. Where's the use of having any trouble about this one?"

"No," he replied, "I can't let her go. There may be plenty of others, but there can never be but this one girl for me."

"Then you are determined to marry this one or none, are you?"

"That's just it," he answered; "this one or none."

"Now you are sensible, my boy," said I. "You can't marry this one, it seems, so just drop the whole foolish business and don't marry at all. Take my word for it, it is the best way."

"No," he replied, "I sha'n't give up yet. Agnes will soon be her own mistress, responsible to no one, and of an age when all good people will justify her in deciding this matter for herself. Now, sir, what I wish you to do is to see her, and aid me, if you can, in breaking the power her mother wields over her. Will you do it?"

I took time to consider, and reflected over the whole matter. All these days and weeks and months, Mrs. Griffin had been at work upon the weak, loving disposition of her child, moulding it to her will and shaping it for her own selfish purposes. I could clearly see the reason of her opposition to Jack. She would have been opposed to any man. By losing control of her daughter's person she also lost control of her purse. No — Agnes should never marry. I knew Mrs. Griffin too well to suppose that she was acting conscientiously for the good of her child; her love was all a mockery and a pretence. She loved only power and display; and Agnes and her money gave her both.

I finally gave Jack the benefit of my thoughts, and frankly told him that I feared I could not aid him. At this he looked so sad and troubled that my heart gave way, and I promised to do as he wished.

In accordance with this promise, I called the next day at Mrs. Griffin's house to see Agnes. As I stood in the hall, waiting for the servant to make known the object of my visit, I heard the old lady exclaim:

"Oh dear me, it's that old vagabond of a lawyer again! Tell him to come in."

I walked into the room, bowing and smiling, and washing my hands in invisible soap, doing my best to look pleased at seeing the widow.

She, however, made not the slightest effort to appear pleased at seeing *me*. Quite to the contrary.

"Well, what do you want here again?" said she. "I suppose you are aware you are not wanted here, are you not?"

"Quite aware of it, ma'am," I replied, "and I'm sure *you* are not wanted here by me."

"I'm at home, sir," said she; "and as you are no gentleman, I wish you to leave. Can't I make you conscious of an insult, sir?"

"Not a bit of use in trying, ma'am," I replied, still washing my hands and smiling: "not a bit of use in it. You might as well whistle jigs to a milestone, or sing psalms to a dead nigger. I called to see my ward. Will you leave the room for a few moments?"

She complied in a passion, banging the door as she went out. Banging something is a way of exhibiting wrath that is peculiarly feminine. Make a woman angry and she bangs the door; if no door is convenient, she bangs the dishes to pieces; if there are no dishes, ten to one she bangs you over the head with a broomstick.

As soon as Agnes and I were alone, I cautiously approached the subject uppermost in my mind.

"Agnes," said I, "I have had a long talk with Jack."

In an instant she knew what was coming.

"And," I continued, "he has told me everything."

At this all her woman's pride was at once aroused.

"How dare he!" she cried.

"Don't be angry with him, Agnes," I replied. "Remember I'm your guardian, and had a right to know all about it. Jack asked me to come here to urge his claims; and allow me to say that he is in every way worthy of you."

"Oh don't, please don't!" she exclaimed, beginning to cry. "You don't know all."

"Yes I do," said I; "I know that your mother is opposed to him. But you are of an age now when you should judge and act for yourself in such a matter. It is *your* future happiness alone that is concerned in this affair. It is *you* that will have to live for years with your husband, not your mother."

"Oh I know," she cried; "but I can't disobey her, though I love Jack, indeed I do, better than he will ever know."

"Then if you love him, why not marry him? It would be all very well for your mother to decide this matter for you if she could live with you and love you always, but she cannot. What right has she to interfere in a matter which will affect your life for happiness or misery long after she is in her grave? You may be so rich in love now that you can afford to throw away a true, loving heart; but how will it be with you when your mother and I are dead, and you stand alone in this cold, cruel world?"

This produced an effect, but she made no reply. She was weeping bitterly; but I felt that I was doing right,

and continued. I used every argument I could think of, but all in vain. She only said that she could not disobey her mother. With her consent she would marry Jack—oh, so gladly! She was so under her mother's influence that no argument could avail to change her determination; seeing which, I arose to depart. As I did so, I glanced out of the window and saw Jack across the way, evidently waiting for me. I signed to him to come over. He did so, and at once entered the room. As soon as Agnes saw him she ran towards him with a little, glad, loving cry, and threw herself on his breast.

"Oh, Jack, you will believe me, won't you? I love you, Jack; indeed, indeed I do!"

"Yes," said he, kissing her, "after a sort of fashion I believe you do. But what a strange love it is!"

"Can't you have patience, Jack, and wait a while? Things may change for the better after while."

"Have patience!" he cried; "haven't I had patience? Haven't I had patience for two long years? Only seeing you for a moment for weeks, while other men could be with you for hours! Haven't I seen how you smiled upon them and seemed happy with them, yet in apparent misery when with me? How can you say you love me and ask me to be patient?"

I left them at this; and as I went out of the room she was clinging to him, still bathed in tears, and crying out pitifully, "Oh, don't doubt me, dear Jack, don't doubt me! I love you, indeed I do."

The next morning Jack came to me and told me that he intended going away. The old associations were too much for him, he could not bear them.

I could see the result of his interview in his face. He looked older by many years, and the sad, wistful look in his eyes quite unmanned me.

"Never mind her, Jack," said I; "she is unworthy of you."

"No she is not," he replied; "don't talk that way. Good-bye now. Maybe you will never see me in this world again. Promise me before I go that you will look after her when I am gone, and protect her. Remember that I bear away with me no feeling of anger, but of devoted love for her; and any kindness you show to her will be doubly shown to me."

I readily gave the required promise; a grasp of the hand and he was gone. What strange new joys and troubles he had brought into my life! If we had never met, how different our lives had been!—but it was so to be. In our course through life we meet the people who are coming to meet us from many strange places and by many strange roads; and what is appointed for them to do to us, and what is appointed for us to do to them, must all be done. Jack had gone—passed out of our lives like the fading of a shadow from the floor.

CHAPTER III.

THE PAPER IS FOUND.

"Can I have sailed for seven years, far out in the open world;
Have tacked and drifted here and there, by eddying currents
whirled;
Have gained and lost, and found again; and now, for a respite,
come
Once more to the happy scenes of old, and the haven I voyaged
from?"

I now come to the dark part of my story. Before entering upon it, however, let me ask—was Jack Lawson

right in what he did? Without the knowledge of events which rapidly followed, can any one answer he was not? To all who judge his actions by what follows, this story is addressed, with the plea that they will "Give the Devil his Due."

Again the days and weeks and months sped away, bringing no new incidents into my now quiet life. I never received but one letter from Jack; it informed me that he was in the far West, working hard to acquire fortune and to kill the sorrow that filled his breast. He refused to give me his address, saying that his heart was yet too sore to bear any news from home. I saw but little of Agnes, and that little was sufficient to give me pain. You now never heard her once merry laugh nor saw her happy smile. She had grown quite an old woman, and I knew that her love for Jack was the cause of it. She had become more gentle and kind, and there was a longing, wistful look in her large gray eyes that was very sad and touching.

One evening, whilst assorting some old papers that had been lying undisturbed in my desk for a long time, I came upon one, the handwriting of which seemed strangely familiar. I looked at it in speechless amazement. What a strange dizziness came over me! What an icy grasp there was about my heart! What an awful horror came upon my soul! Looking at it, what caused that feeling of impending evil to come into my heart? "Coming events cast their shadows before." I held in my hand the lost paper. In an instant I had read it. It was a codicil to his former will by which Jacob Griffin bequeathed all his property to his wife, and after her death to his daughter. Mrs. Griffin was the rightful heiress of all his large estate, and *not* Agnes. What

should I do? Plainly there was but one course. However painful it might be to me or to others, whatever the consequences to Agnes, Mrs. Griffin must have her rights.

The next morning I wended my way, slowly and sadly enough, towards the Griffin mansion. I walked unannounced into the parlor, and found there the old lady and Agnes. My reception was in no way different from the previous one.

I walked up to Mrs. Griffin and handed her the paper.

"Madam," said I, "there has been a terrible mistake. On a previous occasion I read to you what I supposed to be your husband's will. It was not; *that* paper bears a later date."

I then told her the whole story in as few words as possible.

She hastily tore it open and read its contents. Great God, what an awful light came into her eyes! — a hideous, cruel light.

"So it has come at last," she cried; "I can now have my revenge! Oh, how sweet, how sweet it is! What a nice plan you three had made — you and that girl and her lover! Oh, my darling daughter, how I have had to fawn around you and love you! *Love* you! Ha! ha! You have lived in idleness on my money long enough. You shall work now! This day you leave my house, you false, deceiving young schemer!"

The woman was not mad. It was the devil that I all along knew was in her now showing himself. She could have her revenge on both her husband and me by her treatment of Agnes. Such conduct was not unnatural; *beasts* often devour their own young.

Poor Agnes, pale and worn from her long-continued

suffering and heartache, fainted away at her mother's words; and that mother, without noticing her, swept from the room. This time she did not bang the door.

I raised Agnes partially from the floor and gently fanned her. At last the sad, sweet eyes opened, and she whispered, "Jack! Oh, where is Jack? He is the only one that loves me, and I forsook him in his hour of trial; but he'll not forsake me in mine. Oh, where is he? Dear, noble Jack!"

I took her gently in my arms and bore her from the house.

I placed her in my carriage and drove rapidly to my own bachelor home. Once there, I called in my next-door neighbor, a kind, motherly woman, and briefly stating the case to her, left Agnes in her care.

I was now in a quandary. What should be done. Plainly, on Mrs. Grundy's account, if no other, she could not live alone with me. However, I could wait a day or two and then consult with her. In about an hour Agnes sent for me. I went to her and found her in bed, looking, oh, so pale and deathlike! yet the old sweet, patient smile was on her face. She held out her thin white hand and thanked me for my kindness to her. My heart had been so seared by contact with the false and hollow world that I had forgotten I had one; but now there was a pain in my breast that brought tears to my eyes. No wonder Jack loved her! Where was he? Oh, if he were only here now! She read my thoughts and said:

"Never mind now, dear friend; I feel that he will come back some day. If I only could live to see him and ask his forgiveness, I could die happy."

After a little while I told her my difficulty in regard to her.

"You are right," she said, "I cannot stay here. Not that I care now what the world would say — caring for that has brought me here, and made me cruel to dear Jack; but I must not be a burden to you. I will stay here for a day or two, and then rent a room and teach music. I could not think of going back home." She spoke gently of her mother then and ever afterwards.

In a few days all the necessary arrangements were made, and I soon saw her made comfortable in her new home, near mine, with a few scholars to teach, and earning enough to support her; but no matter for that, she should never want while old Robert Rogers was alive. Every day she came to see me, and we used to sit for hours, in the quiet summer evenings, talking of Jack. Once, after being silent for a long time, she turned to me and asked:

"Do you believe that people know each other in heaven?"

"Yes," I answered, "I am sure of it."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she said. "I shall see him then."

Weeks, months and years sped on, bringing no change in our lives, until at last we heard that Mrs. Griffin had married and had gone away. Agnes shed a few tears when she heard of it, at her mother's cruelty, but that was all. Things went on afterwards the same as before. Where was Jack all this time? We could never discover; no word had ever been received from him since that one short letter to me. Oh, if he could only know!

How strangely, to our shortsightedness, do the affairs of this world seem to be ordered!

Here were two hearts suffering and yearning for each other, yet kept far apart by ignorance and misun-

derstanding; he deeming her heartless and false, she loving him with her whole soul; both dying for love of each other.

One dark, cold night in December I heard a carriage come up to my house, and directly afterwards a great knocking at the door. I hastily arose, and going out, met three men, two of them supporting the third, who was evidently an invalid, and was well wrapped up in shawls and blankets.

"How are you, partner?" said the invalid as soon as he saw me. "Don't you know me, old fellow?"

Know him? yes, I knew the voice in a moment; but the face — good God! could it be that this was Jack Lawson?

It was he, but how changed! He was nothing but a skeleton, and his great black eyes glistened and blazed with the fever that was upon him.

"Don't stand looking all night, old fellow," said he, "but shake hands and then put me to bed. I've come back to the old place to die."

We soon had him in bed and as comfortable as possible; but he was out of his mind most of the time, and kept raving about strange places and strange people.

In the morning he was quieter, and as soon as he saw me he asked about Agnes. I refused to tell him anything until he had told me all about himself. He did so in a few words.

He had gone to an out-of-the-way part of Kansas, bought a farm, worked hard, made money, got sick of a malignant fever prevalent in that country, and here he was.

When he was through I told him all about Agnes, and it was only by promising that he should soon see

her that I prevented him from getting out of bed and going to her.

He slept but little that night, and in the morning I sent for Agnes. When she came, Jack was delirious; but she would not wait, and rushing to his side, in a moment she had his head in her arms, crying and smiling and kissing him. When the doctor told us that he must die, I thought she would have died too.

Hour after hour she sat by his side, watching him and listening to his delirious words.

Towards evening he opened his eyes and recognised her. He was so weak now that he could hardly talk, but drawing her close to him he whispered:

"God bless you, darling!"

Presently he spoke again.

"Agnes, dear," he said, "the old life is passing away; shall we be together in the new?"

"Yes, dear Jack, always."

"And you will be mine forever?"

"Yes, oh yes!"

The light of his life flickered a moment in its socket, flared up again, and then went out forever.

For a few more months Agnes stayed with us; growing sadder and weaker every hour. Each day she would walk to the cemetery and spend hours there. One evening she did not come home. We made no lengthy search—all knew where to find her. When we came to Jack's grave we found her lying with her head resting upon it.

"Is she dead?" said one.

"Yes, quite dead."

I have seen her smile sweetly many times, but the

smile on her face when we found her was the happiest I ever saw.

“ We shall meet at one gate
When all's over. The ways they are many and wide,
And seldom are two ways the same. Side by side,
May we stand at the same little door when all's done!
The ways they are many, the end it is one.”

OUR CHILDHOOD HOME.

THE home of our childhood, with all its sweet treasures,
My "fond recollection" presents it to view ;
'And I smile as I think of its innocent pleasures,
Which memory strives not in vain to renew.

The house was my pride, and the spring which was
near it,

And the grove and the fields which around it did
lay,

And the grave-yard not far — oh, how I did fear it
When my late evening duties lead me that way !

And I think of the time when the day's work was
done,

How on the front porch we all met together,
'Neath the jasmine to rest, while the lingering sun
Would kiss the sweet flowers which grew on the
heather ;

And I love to remember the long winter nights,
With books or for plays round the table we'd sit ;
For the time sweetly passed in the sweetest delights,
As we read or gossiped with sharp rustic wit.

Then at times we would have an occasional raid
From friends in the city, whom gladly we'd greet ;
Our loved cousins would come in bright beauty
arrayed,

With their citified airs so charmingly sweet.
What gay times we'd have, and what driving and
riding,

Pic-nicking and flirting : I tell you 'twas fun !

We could scarce have a thought how swift time was
flying,

E'er vacation was passed and summer was done.

There was father, and mother, and four of us boys,

And two darling sisters to make up our home ;

Till Louie came, then Josie, to share in our joys,

And fill up the place of the one who did roam.

So my thoughts will run on till a sadder time nears,

The first real shadow fell on my heart,

And the sunshine of childhood grows dim with my
tears,

When called on by death with beloved ones to part.

There was dear little Josie, the first called away,

The youngest on earth but the oldest in heaven ;

Like a beautiful flower he faded away,

His sweet little form to the angels was given.

Soon afterwards came the saddest sorrow of all ;

The gloom of that shadow still rests on my heart,

And the tears of affection unceasingly fall,

With a dearly loved mother called on to part.

Thus the joys of my childhood home faded away ;

For death broke the charm of the circle so dear ;

And all that is left is the memory to-day

Which began with a smile but ends with a tear.

So is it with all of earth's fairest enjoyments :

The dearest and brightest the soonest decay ;

Home treasures, earth's pleasures, and all our employ-
ments,

With our present existence will soon pass away.

B.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

CHILDREN'S GREETING.

WE come, we come with joyous hearts,
To hail you, happy parents dear !
To enjoy the bliss your smile imparts,
And praise the Lord who still doth spare
Your lives and ours, to celebrate
Your fiftieth year in married state.

Your Golden Wedding this we call,
And fain would make it so indeed,
By now presenting, each and all,
What in your view will far exceed
The richest of Australia's store,
Our filial love, sincere and pure.

Had we the choicest gifts to bring
That art could make or gold could buy,
To render as an offering,
They would not now the place supply
In your esteem, of that which we
Do tender you most fervently.

We feel that under God to you
We owe the blessings we enjoy,
And that it is but justly due
That we should every power employ
T'express our heartfelt gratitude
To parents who have been so good.

Father and mother! faithful, kind,
Affectionate, and ever true!
At loss we are the words to find
To speak the love we feel for you;
But let this poor attempt suggest:
Your own for us will tell the rest.

We join you in this blessed hour
In praises unto God on high,
Who by His wisdom, grace and power
Hath led you on. May He supply
All needed strength for years to come;
And grant us all at last a home,
Where, in our Saviour's arms secure,
We'll dwell in bliss forevermore.

J. T. W.

A FANCY SKETCH.

METHINKS this sweet night may the angels invite,
'Tis so lovely and pure, so cloudless and bright ;
And in fancy I see them clothed all in white,
Swift winging their way from the mansions of light,
And kissing the moon in the sweet summer air :
They eclipse all the stars, but those the most fair ;
Then sweeping the air with their soft downy wings,
They tune their sweet harps, till the bright golden
strings

Thrill with a melody so heavenly sweet
That fair zephyrs come forth the music to greet ;
And the breeze as it comes from the far-off hills
Breathes into the heart of night, till it thrills
With a song so sweet that it stirs the sad heart
With music which heaven itself doth impart.

So all the night long,
A beautiful song
Floats from the golden strings ;
And the soft winds bear,
Through the balmy air
The songs that the angel sings.
While the world's asleep
My vigils I keep,
Sweet angels, with sleepless eyes,
To list to your songs,
Which to heaven belong ;
And bid me from earth to arise ;
Till a heavenly calm,
Like a sacred psalm,

Descends from the cloudless skies,
And takes the unrest
From my heaving breast
As the dream of my fancy dies.

B.

ACROSTICS.

GRACE and peace, my lady friend,
Ever on thy steps attend ;
Righteousness thy life adorn ;
Truth as an ornament be worn ;
Religion's pleasant paths pursue,
Up to the heaven thou hast in view ;
Delight in God and persevere :
Everlasting life is there. J. T. W.

A N O T H E R .

FAITH in the precious Saviour's name,
And holy works to prove the same,
Ne'er fail to bring sweet comfort down,
Ne'er fail with peace our days to crown :
Immense the good we thus secure,
Eternal life we thus ensure. J. T. W.

A N O T H E R .

MAKE the Saviour thy delight,
Always live as in His sight ;
Run with joy from day to day
In His peaceful, pleasant way,
And thou shalt be blest for aye.
J. T. W.

THE ANOINTED DOVE.

By THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

"The attractive power of sweet ointments, to which Solomon here alludes, is notably declared in that which Basil relates of the manner of catching doves ; which was by breeding one up tame, and then anointing her wings, they let her fly away, and the sweet odor of the ointment drew abundance of pigeons after her, which she brought to the cot of her owner."—*Patrick's Commentary on the Song of Solomon.*

' MIDST rocks and caverns, all alone,
A white-winged dove was heard to moan ;
All day, all night, forlorn she sate,
Without a friend, without a mate.

One morn a holy man passed by,
With snowy beard and prayerful eye ;
A censer on his arm he swings,
With which he fumes the sad bird's wings.

Charmed by the force of odors bland,
The lone one perches on his hand ;
And then, with liquids heavenly sweet,
He bathes her eyes, her plumes, her feet.

All dripping thus with holy dew,
As up morn's roseate clouds she flew,
Of God's own garden the perfume
Streamed on her track from every plume.

For leagues on leagues those sweets she fanned
O'er winding stream and desert sand,

And crowded caravans, 'tis said,
With all the camels, knelt and prayed.

"Is Eden floating down, indeed?"

The Arab cried, and reined his steed:

"Or hover o'er yon groves of palm

Sweet angels, veiled in clouds of balm?"

Meanwhile, amidst those caverns rude,

All day the holy hermit stood,

Oft gazing eastward in the air

As if wing'd visitors were there.

Clambering at eve a lofty rock,

He saw a rainbow-tinted flock

Of doves fly towards the sinking sun;

All circling round th' Anointed One.

"O Innocence!" the old man cried,

"Thou comest back, a spotless bride:

Where'er thy heaven-sweet wings are found,

The sister virtues flock around."

SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, the utterance of whose very name breathes the spirit of the beautiful in poetry, was born at Field Place, Sussex, England, on the fourth day of August 1792. His family was opulent and distinguished; his father being Sir Timothy Shelley, a wealthy English baronet.

In his earliest years Shelley manifested a strange and decided morbid sensibility, with an inclination afterwards to skepticism. The atheism with which he has been charged was perhaps not so much the fault of himself as of the system that was practised to dispel the doubts of an inquiring and intelligent mind.

At an early age Shelley was sent to Eton, where cruelty of the most tyrannical character was visited upon those who refused to "fag," and Shelley was one of those unfortunates who had spirit enough to resist. From Eton he passed to Oxford, where still no effort was made to administer to a mind full of generosity and kindness. It was not long before he began to regard himself as a victim of social persecution.

At Oxford he published a tract in defence of atheism. He was then seventeen years of age. For this he was expelled from the University, and shortly after deserted by his family and friends. His barque, already frail, seemed soon likely to become a prey to the wind and waves. With what beautiful sadness has he in *The Revolt of Islam* expressed his condition :

" — clasped my hand and looked around,
And none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground."

So wedded was he to the principles which he conceived to be right that he promptly sacrificed his fortune and his home rather than recant.

As early as his fifteenth year he had written two short romances, both, it is said, of decided merit. A number of his poems were about this time collected in a small volume entitled *Margaret Nicholson's Remains*. At the immature age of eighteen appeared *Queen Mab*. Although this in some respects the most exquisite of his productions, has apparently for its purpose the exposition of his mistaken religious views, it was not intended for public notice; and this the young author particularly stated. We have a right therefore to believe that because of this special request of Shelley's, his purpose was rather to ascertain the critical opinions of his meagre *coterie* of friends as to the literary merit of the poem than to announce a creed that he knew was unpopular.

In August 1811, and a short time after the appearance of *Queen Mab*, he contracted and consummated an unfortunate alliance with a young woman, Miss Harriet Westbrook.

About this period was composed *Alastor: or the Spirit of Solitude*. In this grand and novel product, which reflected the despondent condition of Shelley's mind produced by his uncongenial intellectual association, are contained perhaps the very finest descriptions of woodland scenery in the English language.

Shelley now made a tour of the Continent, having previously, however, led a sort of nomadic life among the hills of Wales and Scotland. It was while living in this half Ishmaelitic manner that the use of opium to relieve a spasmodic disease grew into a habit from which he was never able to free himself.

The absence of "intellectual sympathy" between Shelley and his wife induced a separation, which happened in 1813; the wife returning to her parental roof, taking with her the offspring of their marriage. Of these Shelley was afterwards deprived by a decree of the courts, the plea being the atheism of the father. The unhappy wife three years afterwards ended her days by suicide.

Shelley's tour of the Continent was made in company with the daughter of the celebrated author of *Caleb Williams*. This lady, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, inherited to a large degree the splendid abilities of her illustrious father. She was afterwards the author of *Frankenstein*, a romance suggested by Lord Byron during the residence of Shelley and his wife on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. They returned from their pilgrimage in the autumn of 1814. By the death of Sir Bysshe Shelley, the father of Sir Timothy, our poet became (much to his need) the possessor of an annual allowance of £1000, Sir Timothy refusing to recognise his son because of his marriage with Miss Westbrook and heterodox religious opinions.

About this time he married the companion of his continental travels. The union proved one of "almost ideal felicity and happiness." He now retired to a village in Buckinghamshire, where was composed *The Revolt of Islam*. In this production Shelley undertakes to show the success of his philosophical creed over the religious systems as accepted by mankind, and was intended besides, as he admits, as an experiment on the public mind. The poem is narrative in its style, and consists of a succession of pictures portraying in the most vivid manner the aspirations of the

soul to human excellence and refinement. The stanza is Spencerian, and abounds in the most beautiful and rapturous descriptions.

His health now grew extremely bad, and he determined to seek repose under the invigorating sun of classic Italy. Early in the spring of 1818, with his wife and two children, William and Clara, he left England, as it proved forever. He went at once to Rome, and while here wrote *Prometheus Unbound*, composed, as he has beautifully told us, "upon the mountainous ruins of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees." Rossetti regards this as the very grandest of Shelley's compositions. It contains some passages which for grandeur of imagination he has never equalled. There is besides a richness of coloring that almost approaches the sister art of painting, as in Pantheas' reply to Prometheus:

" — but the eastern star looks white,
And Asia waits in that far India vale,
The scene of her sad exile; rugged once
And desolate and frozen, like this ravine;
But now invested with fair flowers and herbs,
And haunted by sweet airs and sounds, which flow
Among the woods and waters, from the ether
Of her transforming presence, which would fade
If it were mingled not with thine."

Immediately after the appearance of *Prometheus*, came *Julian and Maddalo*. Then followed *The Cenci*, a tragedy founded on the tradition of Beatrice Cenci, a daughter of one of the patrician families during the reign of Pope Clement VIII. The story is horrible and monstrous in its character; yet Shelley has, as far as it has been possible, relieved it of its real horror, and rendered it a tragedy almost as terrible as *Lear*.

After the appearance of *The Cenci*, *Rosalind and Helen*, *The Witch of Atlas*, and *Adonais* followed at brief intervals. The latter is a lament on the death of Keats, between whom and Shelley a tender friendship had ever existed.

The habits of Shelley it seems were as migratory in Italy as they had been in England, for we find him during the period of a few months alternating between Rome, Florence, Pisa, Naples, and Ravenna. However, during the early spring of 1822 he seems disposed to settle down with his little household in the neighborhood of Sant Arenzo, on the coast of Genoa. In a letter to a friend, dated June 29th, he says: "I still inhabit this divine bay, reading Spanish dramas, and sailing, and listening to the most enchanting music," and in another he expresses his regret "that summer must ever pass." His wife, though, had no admiration for the shades of Sant Arenzo and its beautiful waters, and anxiously sought a return to the more busy scenes of Florence and Rome.

About this period Leigh Hunt, at the solicitation of Byron, left England for Italy. The latter had for some time in contemplation the publication of a periodical, the matter of which was to be furnished by Shelley, Hunt, and himself. Hunt reached Leghorn about the middle of June, at which place the final arrangements were to be made. Shelley, with his companion, Captain Williams, of the English navy, a member too of the household at Sant Arenzo, followed shortly after. The enterprise failed because of Byron being compelled to quit Italy, and because too of an absence of congeniality between Hunt and himself. The failure of the project threw Shelley into despondency. He at once

prepared to return to his quiet home by Sant Arenzo's bay. On the afternoon of the 8th of July, in company with Williams and a sailor boy, Charles Vivian, he set sail from Leghorn. In the evening a squall struck the vessel; she capsized, filled and sunk, and Shelley with his two companions perished in the waves. The bodies were by the efforts of Byron and Trelawney afterwards recovered. A copy of Keats was found in Shelley's pocket.

In accordance with the manner of the ancients, and in compliance with a half-expressed wish of the poet, his remains were placed on a pile and consumed by fire. The ashes by Byron's direction were placed in an urn and buried near the grave of Keats in the Protestant cemetery of Rome, "the final resting-place of many an English wanderer."

Whatever may have been the opinions entertained by Shelley when he wrote *Queen Mab* in regard to a future state, it is clear that in his maturer years he was *not an atheist*; holding rather to a sort of pantheism, or an identification of the universe with God, than a denial of the existence of a Supreme Being. In his social life he was the embodiment of morality and virtue. He was noble, generous and humane, and despised vice whenever and wherever he found it.

Many of Shelley's productions are marked by a wild and visionary tone, but his imagery is prominent and bold, and surrounded frequently with a radiance of almost dazzling beauty. He had a sublime appreciation of the poetry of the Grecians, which is evidenced throughout all his writings.

His lyric productions especially are enriched with the mythological imagery of that classic race, harmo-

nised with a spirit of the most tender and affecting loveliness, soft and exquisitely beautiful, "on which the soul floats dreamily as on the dewy breath of twilight."

Among his minor poems, *The Cloud* will ever rank as one of the richest gems in the diadem of poesy. In the stanza—

"The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment, may sit
In the light of his golden wings"—

the poet attains the very summit of the sublime. As Jeffrey in his kinder moments said of Keats's *Lamia*, "it is flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and colored and bestrown with the flowers of poetry."

His *Ode to the West Wind*, written in the fall of 1819, during a brief sojourn at Florence, is a poem of almost unapproachable grandeur, and may as a single production be regarded as embodying the characteristics of the author's peculiar manner. The *Sensitive Plant*, a poem of the most tender loveliness and beauty, betrays the extreme feminineness of Shelley's mind, and is of itself a sufficient argument in behalf of his unselfishness and generosity.

By the candid critic, Shelley has ever been regarded as one of the most finished poets in the English language. His imagination was supremely poetic, and frequently "almost overwhelms us with the gorgeous splendor of its fancy." He had a passionate love of nature; no poet has ever produced passages of description comparable in grandeur to the beautiful pictures of scenery to be found in *Alastor*, and *The Revolt*

of *Islam*. In fertility of ideas, in purity of diction, and in intensity of feeling, Shelley surpasses even the illustrious author of *Childe Harold*; and so long as poetry shall be admired and genius adored, his productions will be preserved as pearls of more worth and beauty than ever graced the coronets of kings.

VISIT TO CAMP.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

The following little poem, in order to be understood, requires a word or two of explanation. It was composed several years ago, but from some cause or other was never sent to the lady for whose eye it was intended. The circumstance alluded to in the three first stanzas is founded upon a fact which that lady related to me whilst on our way to the camp. It is this: a celebrated Methodist preacher (Rev. Thomas H. Stockton), was once, while addressing a large camp-meeting, heard to *coo like a dove*. The lady herself heard him, and there can be no doubt of its truth. It was certainly one of the boldest flights of oratory on record and far surpasses anything of the kind related of Whitfield, or any other celebrated speaker of ancient or modern times.

WHERE solemn trees o'er many a tent
With overarching boughs were hung,
And holy anthems up were sent
To God's high throne from old and young,
Together to the camp we went;
And thou didst tell of one whose tongue,
As if on snow-white wings he flew,
Was heard like Heaven's own Dove to coo.

Oh, how Faith trimmed her odorous lamp!
How every heart was deeply stirred!
For whilst loud neigh and iron tramp
Outside the sacred ring were heard,
Went thrilling through the tented camp
The cooings of that mystic Bird
Which once by Jordan, good men tell,
Descended on Immanuel.

Such sounds to Noah's Ark afloat
Foretold the signs of peace and love;
And though 'tis true each dulcet note
Was mimicry of *earthly* dove,
A faint attempt of mortal throat
To echo back the tones above,
Yet who could call those cooings vain,
Or blame such bird-notes as profane?

But other topics not unmeet
For Nature's green cathedral pile
Arose between us, as our feet
Trode up and down each sylvan aisle;
And once, methought, a lady sweet
From Lima, stood beside me, while
To shield thy left eye from the sun
Thy veiling kerchief showed but one.

Then, after many a winding turn
We reached at last a crystal spring,
Where fays might pinch the hunter Herne,
Or dance all night in circling ring;
Green moss was there, and mystic fern,
And butterflies with painted wing,
And wild vine wreathing high in air
Formed both a canopy and chair.

Then, pardon, pray, these hasty rhymes,
And having read them, lay them by;
Perhaps some day, in future times,
If they perchance should meet thine eye,
Like sound of long-forgotten chimes
They may possess some melody,
E'en though no more through woodland camp
Thy eye shall be my guiding lamp.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

I HAVE read somewhere : "Show me a lady's dresses and I will tell you her character." There is a great deal of truth in this idea thus pithily stated. The dress of a woman is certainly an index of her taste, and an observant person may discover many a little trait of disposition by carefully noting wherewithal she is clothed. For example, the modest retiring nature will naturally select that style of dress the colors and patterns of which are least likely to attract attention. She will conform sufficiently to the prevailing fashion to avoid exciting remark, and her bonnet (that all-important item) is almost sure to be a dear, quiet-looking, dainty little affair that sets one thinking of a *wife* right away. Now, on the other hand, should you by chance obtain a peep into a fair one's wardrobe, and catch a glimpse of a Scotch plaid skirt and a fierce-looking red jacket with a quantity of buttons and braid *a la militaire*, would you not instinctively picture to yourself some saucy black-eyed sprite, whose delight it would be to waltz into your affections and then laugh at you for your credulity? Again, should you handle the long-waisted, severely-cut robe of an ancient spinster, you could see in imagination the angular form it fitted, while the very folds of the silk would whisper as they rustled the name of the vestal herself, Priscilla for a certainty.

If this much be so, is it not equally true that characters assimilate themselves to the dresses we wear; or rather, when we assume a certain dress, is not an appropriate state of mind sure to follow?

To illustrate this I must needs relate something that has come under my own immediate observation. Now, I have a little friend who has lately become the possessor of a certain suit made by a fashionable city dress-maker. When it was first sent home she could not be induced even to try it on; she thought it much too showy and stylish for such a demure body as herself; but to her surprise, when the dress was donned she found herself blooming out into quite a rapid young lady, and affirms that she felt full three shades faster than usual. I saw her soon afterwards making calls in her new costume, and was intensely amused to see how it had affected even her walk. She tripped along on her toes like a regular "girl of the period;" and as for the fashionable jerk, the "toss and wriggle" considered so fascinating by our modern belles, she had it to perfection. She confessed to me that when she found herself joking gaily with her gentlemen friends she scarcely recognised her own voice, there was such a *ring* in it; and I am afraid, if opportunity offered, she might be induced to try a little mild flirting, for nothing can disturb her serene self-complacency or make her "see herself as others see her," while she is encompassed by those airy flounces and feels that coquettish basque clinging closely to her form. She has another one, very straight in the back and full in the gathers, that acts upon her as a mental extinguisher. She has literally no words for anything. She feels that her place is in the corner. No soft, yielding rocking-chair or luxurious sofa for poor Amy when she has on her "drab." She looks as though she *knew* the expression of her face was forbidding and was satisfied therewith. In short she has on her drab dress, and a drab counte-

nance and drab manners follow as an inevitable consequence.

The world has acted upon this fact without seeming to have analysed it. Look at that portion of our community called by most people "Quakers," but whom we who know and love them would rather call by their own sweet name of "Friends." Don't you suppose their peculiar dress helps them to feel and act as they do? Why, the very putting on of such soft neutral tints and tender fabrics necessitates a gentle state of feeling, and more remotely, a softened manner. The affectionate "Thee" and "Thou" come naturally to the lips, and they feel as they look, at peace with all the world. Again, in time of war we notice that the regiments known as "Zouaves," which are clothed in those frightful-looking red pants and skull-caps, are the most feared; and the reason is obvious — they look at themselves and feel that they are no longer human beings. The mildest young man in our town (and Heaven knows, there are some who *look* mild enough!) would, thus attired, feel himself a demon, and act accordingly. Does any one suppose that an actor could so lose himself in his role and feel for the time all the emotions that filled the heart of the person he is representing, were it not that he is clothed like him? Lady Macbeth in a pink gingham would be tamely rendered, let the actress do her best. Instead of the thrilling tones and passionate gestures that we look for in personations of that terrible character, we should have her mincing like the veriest milkmaid. It is admitted by wise men that "certain conformations of feature give us the impression of certain peculiarities of mind," and we read that Campanella, a renowned physiognomist, believed

that no one could possibly assume a certain expression of countenance without experiencing temporarily the accompanying mental disposition ; and he professed to be able to enter into any one's feelings, to discover his most secret thoughts and desires, by imitating his dress, walk, expression, and any peculiarity for which he might be remarkable, and then noting carefully the mental change he experienced. This is going rather far ; and it would indeed be a dreadful state of affairs if a lady could not lay aside her bonnet for a moment for fear some few of her " dear five-hundred friends " should put it on, and thereby discover that my lady was at that very moment heartily wishing them in Jericho.

But we were speaking just now of the effect produced by certain styles of dress. As a case in point, note the beautiful robes of the Episcopal and Catholic clergy. Although so familiar, they never fail to impress us. Also the judicial gown of the English courts. Imagine its effect upon a person unused to the grave formalities of a trial. Suppose him to be a witness brought upon the stand for the purpose, we will say, of being examined. Aloft sits the Judge, invested with all the solemn panoply of office, clothed in his silken gown, his powdered wig crowning his brow. How terrible he seems ! how immovable, how unemotional ! Witness after witness comes forward and retires ; the rising attorneys, under a mask of civility, stab each other with politest words ; the case grows in interest ; but he, the target for all eyes, sits calmly on his raised seat, seemingly above all such petty strifes, the very incarnation of impartial justice. Fudge ! (which by the way rhymes nicely with Judge) under all this calmness of exterior his heart is swelling with the thought of his own importance ; and

so great is the power of effective dress and appropriate surroundings, that for the moment his belief in himself is almost as strong as is that of the trembling witness so awed and confounded in that august presence. Alas! the eye of the witness cannot penetrate beneath those voluminous folds. How is he to know that the dreaded power is only a slender gentleman in a dress-coat? You yourself would scarcely know the man under a different state of circumstances. Clad in his official robes, he awes you by the dignity of his demeanor; his voice takes a fuller tone, his sentences roll grandly from his lips, he walks with erect head and regal step; and as he hears his robes rustling around him, he feels in truth a *very Judge*; but come upon him suddenly in his night-cap — lo! a coward. His ruddy face takes on an extra shade or two, and his lips grow blue with fright as he skips airily into a convenient closet and leaves you master of the situation. That man can never strike terror to your soul again; his power is gone. You have seen him stripped of his artificial dignity, and he realises it so sensibly that he loses confidence in himself. An advantage thus obtained may be kept forever.

In the case of mourning, we have another instance of the effect of dress. The most trifling nature will own the spell of the softly-clinging crape, and refuse involuntarily to be gay; and on the other hand, I believe no bride ever doubted her happiness so long as she wore her point lace and orange blossoms; but alas! these come off in an hour, and the sober travelling-dress sets her to thinking.

I believe devoutly in the "eternal fitness of things." There is in every cultivated mind, and indeed to a less

degree in every mind, no matter how crude, a sort of notion of appropriateness. Who can go to a funeral, for instance, or to pay a visit of condolence, decked out in gay colors? A red neck-ribbon at such a time would be positively insulting; while a sweet costume of gray or blue, or a judicious mingling of black lace and lavender, would suggest to the afflicted ones a sympathy with their trouble that would be really soothing, while a few words from the lips of one so attired would have a savor of genuineness, no matter how cold the heart of the speaker.

Take a little beggar from the street, the roughest, coarsest you can find, and introduce him into your drawing-room. Put on him a suit of your finest broad-cloth, and you will have him blushing at his rough hands. Leave him to himself, take observations through the keyhole; I'll wager you'll find him making timid attempts at being a gentleman. Look at the garb of a nun or a Sister of Charity. How severe its simplicity, how free from all adornment; and do not their serene faces harmonise beautifully with the habit beneath which beat their chastened hearts? I have been a frequent visitor at the meetings of the "Addison Reunion," and although somewhat of a stranger, I own I have noticed the garb of not a few of its members, and what I have seen goes far to prove what I have been saying. Who ever saw the President of that dignified yet social body with a flashy neck-tie? while his learned brother the M. D. affects decorous black and swallow-tail on all state occasions. The languid —, I notice, has *his* garments cut in a fashion corresponding with his Byronic turn of mind; while the model — is well known to be somewhat particular about the shade of his gloves and the texture of his handkerchiefs.

The ladies display their individualities in various ways. Some prefer the juvenile mode of adornment, such as long hanging braids tipped with pink or blue. This is intended to lead the beholder to believe that the little creatures are all innocence and girlishness and "kittenish buoyancy." But do not allow yourselves to be imposed upon by such flimsy artifices as these. Some toss up their tresses alarmingly over a high roll; while some a monstrous bishop wear, and boldly vow they do not care. By the way, *gentle-men*, the "don't care" club are rather dangerous; they will not hesitate to box your ears if occasion offers, and then be sulky or dissolved in tears until *you* beg pardon.

A word, girls, now, in *your* pretty ears: What do you say to becoming artists, all of you; real, genuine artists? I warn you you will have to study pretty closely for a few weeks, or perhaps months; but the subject is an agreeable one, and the result compensates for any amount of painstaking. You will not have to handle the pencil or wield the palette-knife and mahlstick; there will be no troublesome colors to mix upon a board, no sticky varnish or odorous turpentine to soil your dainty fingers or offend your delicate olfactories. Your operations will be confined chiefly to the dry-goods store and the drawing-room. You must promise to be superior to fashion and her arbitrary rules, which are all very well in their way; but you as artists will be expected to go deeper than that. A short course of mathematics will be required, enough to enable a lady to calculate with exactness the effect of a certain style of dress upon the person whom she wishes to influence. A good deal of penetration is

necessary, and a thorough knowledge of human nature, for you will have to discover at a glance the peculiar kind of person you are dealing with. You must know instantly his tastes, fancies, preferences, prejudices, his likes and dislikes, &c., &c., so as to know for a certainty what will influence him most surely and pleasantly. Suppose, for instance, you have a bashful beau, one who of his own free will would never, never propose, who would be capable of mistaking a gentle melancholy for an attack of dyspepsia, and who would be driven entirely off the field by even the suspicion of a tear. Now, how is that young man to be taught the state of his own heart and the remedy, without a sacrifice of maiden delicacy? Suppose from your sitting-room window you behold that blushing, hesitating, over-sensitive youth nervously pulling the bell. You know well the secret which he is trying to hide. Your woman's wit tells you *that* much, and your woman's heart goes out in affectionate sympathy towards the timid lad; yet you know not how to help him out of his troubles. An easy method is at hand. Take off instantly that stiff, heavy silk you have on, down with the high forbidding rolls, off with that huge gold pin which is in itself a breastplate or a shield to ward off Cupid's darts; the soul of the timid man will be crushed if you descend upon him so armored and fenced around and unapproachable, and he will go away, bearing his heavy burden as he has done so many times before. But now throw on quickly and gracefully that soft white muslin you have worn two seasons, catch up a fresh geranium leaf and pin it in your collar, arrange your hair simply, and go down to the parlor looking youthful and modest and depen-

dent, &c., and behold ! the bashful man becomes a hero on the spot. He is not afraid to woo this gentle little maiden, in contrast with whom he feels himself so strong, so able to defend, so willing to protect. In after years, when he comes to be told the secret, he will not know which to admire the more, his little wife or the innocent art by which she won him. The reverse is to be observed when the lover is too self-confident, or has been the hero of many battles.

The professions are extremely difficult to manage, and require a very peculiar kind of toilet. The purely literary man is the most unsuspecting of human beings, and calls for less of art in his capture. All you have to do is to wear very neat linen collars to your dresses, and appear sometimes with your sleeves tucked up as though you had been making rolls for breakfast. If he still holds off, a precious little black-silk apron with pockets (mind about the pockets) will finish the business. He will forget all about his Greek roots, and go down upon his knees as beautifully as any love-sick midshipman. A silver thimble or a dainty key-basket has been known to bring down a judge ; but all this is *entre nous*.

You will agree with me by this time that it is a glorious thing thus to combine adornment with philosophy, and thereby solve the most difficult problems by an appropriate use of shades and textures.

Why need woman seek the ballot when so wide a field is open for the display of her powers ? When this subject comes to be fully understood, the dry-goods store will become a temple of Minerva as well as of the Graces ; and it will be no unusual sight to see a little beauty bending her fair forehead and knit-

ting her delicate brows over a box of millinery, cogitating deeply upon the subject, and making up her mind as to the probable mental or moral effect of a blue ribbon.

Let us then learn a lesson. Husband, dress your wife in gentle, modest, tender colors, and you will have her an angel at your side. Wife, keep your good man in immaculate shirt-bosoms; let him have the softest dressing-gown and the daintiest slippers when he returns at eve, and rest assured your home will be the cheerier for it. A man *can't* scold when he feels so cared for and so comfortable.

ALIX.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE REV. PETER LIGHT WILSON,

Under whose ministry the author was converted.

ALL hail, ambassador of Christ ! With joy
I greet thee, and would fain a tribute lay
Upon affection's shrine. I dedicate
These lines, the promptings of a loving heart,
To thee, sweet messenger from Heaven's court.
Unskilled the hand which now essays the harp,
But worthy love the golden chords may thrill,
And sound thy praise in an harmonious lay.

Afar I stood, and hearing Heaven's voice,
Did tremble, at its thunder sore afraid ;
Then thou didst come, commissioned from above
To bear to bruised hearts a soothing balm,
And didst approach me as I stood afar ;
With heavenly love thy countenance did shine,
Thy dulcet voice above the thunder sounds,
And bears a message sweet to stricken souls.

With joy I scarce thy presence welcomed,
E'er hell, opposing thee, a sudden mine
Sprung at my feet, and I precipitate
Into its depths, had found destruction sure
But for thy prayers, and for the prayers and tears
Of other loved ones who beheld me thus ;
And Satan's arms, expectant stretched to take
Another victim in his rough embrace,

Were robbed ; kind Heaven had heard your prayers,
and came,
All praise to *Jesus'* name, to my relief.

Exhorted then by thee, my more than friend,
In haste I now forsake the dangerous path ;
And guided by thy counsel, straightway take
Another way which *leads me on and up*.
The joy which filled my soul at my escape
Was more than I can tell ; with gratitude
I saw in thee the agent sent by Heaven
To rescue me from hell's avenging fires.
To God supreme be first my love and praise ;
And next to thee, my pastor and my friend.
My obligations I can ne'er discharge,
But debtor still to *Jesus'* love remain.
Nor can I pay the debt I owe to thee ;
But this I trust, another soul shall shine
In heaven's court to deck thy glittering crown.

In this aspiring lay the muse would sing
Thy perfect praise ; for through long, weary years
Thou labored hast for man's sublimest good.
The morn of life, ay, e'en its noon is past ;
Its post-meridian finds thee at thy work,
Disdaining ease, unwearied by the past,
And gathering for the heavenly garner still,
A peer among thy brethren, and a light,
A burning, shining light in God's own Church.

What more of praise can fondest friend bestow ?
Thy work of love, the labors of thy life,
Uprear a monument more lasting far
Than shaft of polished stone or sculptured bust ;

For even marble crumbles into dust,
And the remorseless hand of time doth mar
The lineaments of earth's great heroes, cut
With nicest care from most enduring rock.
But love, and love's fair fruit, shall never die:
And so thy memory shall ever dwell
Like sweetest music at affection's shrine.

B.

FEBRUARY 22nd.

THE day we celebrate shall ever be
Most sacred to the cause of Liberty ;
For on this day was born her noblest son —
Columbia's own immortal Washington.

In him from childhood tokens were discerned
Of the great fame his mighty manhood earned ;
Nor e'en in life's decline did aught occur
To dim the splendor of his character.

His path we liken to the shining light
Which up to perfect day grows still more bright ;
Then shines till evening with a steady ray,
And in a flood of glory dies away.

Down through the range of centuries to come,
In every land where freedom finds a home,
Will he be praised, who both with sword and pen
Marked out the way of liberty to men.

In battle he the dread of tyrants was ;
In peace, the man the grateful people chose ;
In every sphere he held the loftiest place —
Sire of his country, wonder of his race.

J. T. W.

FREEMASONRY.

AN ESSAY.

It has been suggested that an article on Masonry would be a welcome contribution to the pages of a volume intended for circulation in a community largely composed of members of the fraternity ; and I, being the Master of a Lodge, have been asked to furnish such an article. With this request I cheerfully comply ; for if I can succeed in presenting a clear statement of the characteristics of Freemasonry, I feel that I shall be conferring a benefit not only on my uninitiated readers, but even on those among them who have penetrated into the most secret recesses of our mystic temple, "our house not made with hands." I say this with the greater confidence because I know that erroneous, or at least inadequate notions of Masonry prevail to a large extent in the public mind, and because I know also that such notions prevail to much too large an extent among the masses of Masons themselves. To the public, Masonry appears simply as one of a great number of so-called "secret societies," differing from the others only in the peculiarity of its language, the nature of its ceremonies, and the badges and titles of its officers ; while to many who ought to know better, it is simply a system of ingeniously arranged "degrees" through which the "candidate" is to be hurried with the utmost rapidity ; simply a ritual whose words he is to master as soon as possible, that he may win and wear the title of a "bright" workman from brethren even more ignorant than himself of the very genius of

the "mystic art." Now, in order to remove these erroneous views, it will be necessary for me to assert for Freemasonry such distinctive features as completely sever it from all other organisations whatsoever; but in doing so I shall only offer what on the least reflection or inquiry, will be found to be thoroughly established, incontrovertible facts.

The first note, then, or distinction of Freemasonry to which I shall allude, is its antiquity. Here, confessedly, it stands separate and alone. Prominent and world-wide as is its present celebrity, its origin is shrouded in the mists of a far-off past to which history itself furnishes no clue. Like the river Nile, it confers inestimable benefits on the region through which it takes its course; like the river Nile, its source is the mystery and the conjecture of the centuries. For the three or four hundred years along which its written annals lead us, we can track it with unerring certainty. It appears and disappears, and reappears. Its "light" flashes across the trestle-board on which Sir Christopher Wren drew his grand designs for St. Paul's Cathedral in 1670. Its implements were wielded by King James I. when, in 1607, he laid the foundation-stone of Inigo Jones's masterpiece, the banqueting-house at Whitehall. Its mysteriousness aroused the womanly jealousy of Queen Elizabeth in 1560. An Act of Henry the Sixth's Parliament, in 1425, bears witness to the importance of Masonry at that early date. Or we may skip the intervening five hundred years, and go on back to 926, when Prince Edwin assembled the English Masons at York, and then and there constituted the first English Grand Lodge, from which the Brethren in this country derive their authority by legitimate descent

through so many generations. Thus far back, I say, our way is comparatively plain; but at this point history abandons us to conjecture. Into the vast field opened by learned investigation on this branch of the subject, I do not propose to enter. It is enough for our present purpose to say, that so old is the Masonic Order that its origin is unknown to authentic history, and is therefore only a theme for brilliant but uncertain guesses.

Here then, my brethren of the mystic tie, you see one great distinctive feature of your heritage. You have fallen heir to the aspirations, the toils, the unselfish devotion, and the piety of the ages. Should you ever be tempted to engage lightly or thoughtlessly in your Masonic labors; should you ever grow weary of the old routine and crave after novelties and innovations in the "work," remember that uncounted centuries look down upon you, not only from the Pyramids, as Napoleon told his warriors, but also from every dome and tower and battlement and cross-crowned spire of the Old World!

The second distinctive mark of Freemasonry which claims our notice is its wide-spread diffusion. Long as the "royal art" had been practised in England, it was not until 1733 that the first regular Lodge was constituted in North America — St. John's Lodge in Boston, which is still in existence. But before the War of the Revolution began, Masonry had made such progress that it numbered in its ranks the choicest spirits of the New World. The men of heroic mould who inaugurated the movement for our national independence, the men who signed that immortal declaration which is the great charter of our liberties, the men who

fought the battles of the young republic and guided its first steps along the path of grandeur it is destined to tread; these men, with scarcely an exception, were members of the Masonic order, imbued with its sublime teachings and inspired by its lofty theories as to the innate dignity and nobility of the human race. All honor to the memory of these master-workmen! they "rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Stamped thus at its outset by the impress of such great minds, Masonry spread rapidly over the States of the new Union.

It has survived one of the most unprovoked and malignant persecutions our age has witnessed, and now stands in calm triumph upon the grave of that anti-Masonry at whose head blooms no sprig of acacia, and whose dishonored dust no resurrection-voice will ever summon back to life. Its peaceful influence is felt throughout the continent. It follows in the footsteps of our hardy Western pioneers. Its altars are reared in every Territory. Its blue banner has waved in Arctic seas, and has even been borne by our gallant brother, the explorer Hayes, to the 82d parallel of north latitude, to a point within five hundred miles of the North Pole. And so, too, through Mexico and South America and the islands of both oceans it has made its peaceful way, and gathered to itself the manhood of the tropics. In the Eastern hemisphere, except in those few countries where the despotism of Church and State bars its entrance, it flourishes in vigor and beauty. Nobles, kings, and emperors are proud to be called its patrons and its friends. By means as hidden and mysterious as that electric thread which lies in the depths of the broad Atlantic, it con-

veys across seas and continents its messages of love and its words of "liberty, equality, fraternity." The sound of the Master's gavel -- to appropriate what has been said of the morning drum-beat of the British Empire -- following the sun, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken call to labor in the great field of humanity and progress.

But it may perhaps be said an institution so diffused throughout the world will be *one* thing in Europe, *another* in America, still another in Asia. Not so; and to show why it is not so, I now proceed to mention the third characteristic feature of Freemasonry -- I mean the uniformity of its language and legends. It will of course be evident that one secret of the spread of the Order is the wonderful flexibility with which it adapts itself to various national peculiarities, and that there must of necessity be from this very flexibility many minor differences in the ritual -- in what is known in the Lodges as the "work"; but with this qualification, all Masonry, American or English, Scotch or Irish, French or German, Italian or Spanish, is essentially one and the same Masonry. Its symbolism, its traditions, its templar nomenclature, its sign-language, these are everywhere the same. Centuries ago it was the boast of the "Craft" that they possessed a universal language, by means of which men of every country and tongue could communicate with freedom and unreserve. The boast is no idle one. Masonry has a voice, audible everywhere, and everywhere understood by the "children of light." And what is more, this voice cannot be drowned by the din of war nor by the clamor of political strife. It "syllables" the "word," and the blow of the enemy is

changed into the hand-grasp of a brother. It signals its distress, and the hatred which slays is transformed into the love that binds up wounds and holds the cup of water to parched and pallid lips. On hospital-beds and on battle-fields many a suffering mortal has blessed the genius of Freemasonry incarnate in the person of some ministering brother, with a spirit as earnest and reverential as that Crimean soldier's who turned upon his couch of anguish to kiss the shadow of Florence Nightingale as it fell upon the wall.

Thus by its universality and its uniformity, overleaping the barriers of nationality, making every true Mason a citizen of the world, our Order is hastening the advent of that splendid day, seen as yet only in the vision of prophecy and poetry, when

"The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

Now that I have sketched the three distinctive features of Freemasonry, its antiquity, its universal diffusion, and its uniformity, some of my readers may be disposed to ask me, how the existence among men of a society thus marked is to be accounted for? As an answer to this question, I have only my own poor theory to offer; but I think it will at least bear the test which the old philosopher Ptolemy applied to all hypothesis, *σώζει φαινόμενα* — it includes all the phenomena under review. In the first place, then, Masonry is *old*, because the necessity for its existence arose very early in human history. Almost the first page in that history, we are to remember, is stained with the blood shed by a murderer's hand. "The Lord said unto Cain, where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not; am I my brother's keeper?"

Now Masonry is the answer of humanity in its better mood to that question. It says firmly, distinctly, "Yes, you *are* your brother's keeper." It hears with reverence, it recognises as eternally true, that word of God which says, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." As soon as the dreadful fact was clearly understood that diversity of interests, real or assumed, drew men asunder and raised the hand of brother against brother, so soon did the elect few of every nation endeavor to find a common ground on which men could stand, an influence strong enough to counteract the tendency to separation which threatened hourly to plunge the race into irremediable ruin. And this influence was found in the divinely-implanted desire, the irrepressible yearning, of humanity for brotherhood. Accordingly, whenever selfishness asked with scornful indifference, "Am I my brother's keeper?" the choice spirits of the antique world, echoing the voice of God and the voice of reason, responded, "Yes, O man, thy brother's interests are thy interests; thy brother's welfare is thy welfare; injury to him is wrong to thyself. Created by one Almighty Parent, inhabitants of the same planet, you are bound to aid, support, and protect each other."

Out of this sentiment grew that which we now call Masonry. Working silently, unostentatiously, a little leaven in the great lump of humanity, its sublime aim is to bring men everywhere to a recognition of their true relationship as brothers of one family whose head and Father is God. True, its voice is often unheeded even by the "initiated" themselves, amid the rush and hurry and struggle of our daily life. But not the less is the voice ever lifted up in protest against all

that sunders the ties of brotherhood. It says to the clashing sects as they shriek out their noisy anathemas, "Your brother's conscience is as sacred in the sight of Heaven as yours." To the strife of political partisanship it says, "Remember that the best and wisest men will often differ as to the safest, surest means of promoting the public weal: remember and be tolerant." It says to the Alps and to the Pyrenees, "Even your mighty physical barriers cannot keep the dwellers on your opposite slopes from being brothers." It says to the vast oceans: "Far apart as are the continents upon whose shores your restless waves are beating, their inhabitants are nevertheless brothers of the same family, and all your waters can never make clean again the hand which has shed a brother's blood. The damned spot will never out."

This Masonic idea seeks its realisation by quietly ignoring, in the organisation of the Fraternity, all individual differences of belief in politics or religion. Its wide-spread arms embrace all "good men and true" who are willing to stand unitedly upon the broad platform of the "brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God."

Freemasonry then has *antiquity* as its first characteristic, because it was needed ages ago. It has, also, *universal diffusion*, because its aims are co-extensive with the human race. And it has, in the third place, *uniformity*, because its language is the primitive language of man; the language of the Egyptian obelisk and the great Pyramids; the language of the Catacombs and the Gothic arch; the language of infancy and manhood, of ignorance and philosophy; the beautiful, comprehensive language of symbolism. Having this language,

Masonry is enabled to picture to the mind abstract truth in concrete forms, visible to every eye. It sets its craftsmen to work on a moral temple, grander than the temple of Solomon in that it is indestructible and eternal; and around every Masonic altar in the world, and by its triple lights, the ashlar are smoothed and the walls rise. Generation after generation of the workmen die, but still the work goes on. And in spite of many failures, in spite of small results —

“Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.”

SNOW AT NIGHT.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

WHAT a night ! Siftings white,
Smooth as down of feathery pillow,
Noiseless drop o'er oak and willow.

Soft and slow falls the snow,
Far away as eye can follow,
O'er tall hill and sleepy hollow.

Old barn-roof stands aloof,
Glimmering ever white and whiter,
Though night has not a star to light her.

On all streams, like smooth dreams,
When they come dull cares to banish,
Ermine flakelets melt and vanish.

By capp'd stack, hoofed track,
Marks the spot where, cold and colder
Cattle drowse with whitened shoulder.

Round the hearth ruddy mirth
Calls joy's snowy wings to waft her,
Calls on merriment and laughter.

Bright and warm midst the storm,
A fairy fire outside the sashes
In mimic splendor sparks and flashes.

Sweet, oh sweet, for friends to meet,
To catch the play of shifting graces
Charactered on rosy faces.

O the night! Virgin white
Be all thoughts, all hopes, all fancies,
All pillowed dreams, all waking trances.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

As I walked up the street one bright, beautiful winter morning, feeling unusually happy, I met a lady who had sacrificed the little means she had laid by to keep her in her old age to educate her only son. He graduated a few years ago, and established himself in his native village with flattering prospects of success ; but an unfortunate love of *strong drink*, as in so many other cases, so also in this, has already blighted the fair bud of promise, and now that loving mother's heart is crushed with a weight of sorrow which no amount of human sympathy can relieve. On this morning that son lay helplessly intoxicated at a hotel in the city, and his mother with tears streaming down her cheeks, asked me the question, "Can nothing be done to help my *poor boy*?"

The following lines are a natural expression of the author's emotions and sentiments excited by the occasion.

I AM very happy to-day,
For the sun shines bright
And my heart feels light
As I hurry along the way ;
And the people I meet
On the crowded street,
All my friends seem merry and gay,
So I cannot but laugh
As the fresh air I quaff
And dream I'll be happy alway.
But a shadow hath come
E'er I reach my own home
Which takes all this brightness away,
For there's one on the street
Who by chance I must meet
Whose poor heart is breaking to-day.

'Tis a mother. Her boy
 Was her pride, and her joy :
 The story's an old one, and brief :
 He was tempted ; he fell ;
 Down the pathway to hell,
 As the fierce wind carries the leaf,
 He is rushing ; she cries
 Amid sobbings and sighs,
 " Oh, stretch out the hand of relief ! "

The sun shines as bright,
 But I heed not his light,
 For my eyes are blinded with tears ;
 To have rescued her boy,
 Would have given me joy,
 But the *law* ties my hands, it appears.
 Some will vile liquor sell,
 Though it sends *them* to hell ;
 For a *license* is paid, and they will
 Sell to any who call,
 To each one and to all,
 Though mothers and sons they do kill.
 Will you not, brother man,
 Do all that you can
 To avert that son's threatened fate ?
 For who most is to blame,
 And whose greatest the shame,
 The *victim's*, the *seller's*, or *State's* ?

I pass homeward, and meet
 On the crowded street
 The people so happy and gay ;

But I cannot but weep
As I think of the deep,
Deep grief of that mother to-day.

B.

WHO STOLE JUDGE PARKER'S WINE?

BY EVERETT.

JOSEPH PARKER, Judge of the Court for Frederick and Carroll counties, was decidedly *the* great man of the circuit over which he presided.

He was pompous, vain, and conceited, yet withal a kind, good-natured, warm-hearted man. Heartily enjoying a joke at another's expense, he as cordially detested one at his own; and nothing would so quickly arouse his anger as an undue familiarity.

His legal opinion and advice were highly valued by a large part of the population, but were not considered to be worth a copper by the members of the Bar. For truth requires it to be admitted that the Judge really was more specious than deep, and that his advancement was owing more to personal popularity than to superior merit.

Before the death of his father, Joseph had never been a very interesting person. He was slovenly in his habits, and meagre of brains; had neither money, a good wine-cellar, nor a pretty sister; and how, therefore, was he to win the respect of his fellow-men?

After the death of his venerable parent, however, Joseph's short, stumpy figure, and dull, dry countenance underwent a sort of transfiguration; insomuch that he became very handsome in the eyes of the ladies, and very popular among all manner of men.

The reason of this was that old Mr. Parker had been a cobbler, and his monetary affairs were supposed to be, in common parlance, "shaky." He was born, and

cobbled ; got married, and cobbled ; got children, and cobbled ; got old, and cobbled ; died, and to the amazement of all, left a large fortune to his children. From that time Joseph's upward progress had been apid, and now he had reached the goal of his ambition : he was a judge.

He lived in the City of Frederick ; and as it was in the days when there were no railways, he usually rode on horseback from his home to Westminster, at term times. It was a very grand sight indeed to the simple country folks to see the old man mounted on his old gray, prancing down the one street of the town, accompanied by half-a-dozen lawyers, and invariably followed by a little open wagon, used solely for the conveyance of a single large box. In this box the Judge was popularly supposed to keep his clothing, but in reality it was filled with a score or more of bottles of his very best wine — a wine the peculiar flavor of which was much lauded by all who had ever tasted it. A large quantity of it had been secretly stored away by his father, and the Judge stoutly maintained that there was no more like it in existence. As he was utterly unable to try a case or eat a dinner without a bottle of it, he invariably carried a generous supply with him on his journeys.

As Court was never adjourned until three o'clock in the afternoon, dinner was always provided at that hour by the obliging landlord, expressly for the members of the Bar. At this meal the Judge usually presided, he occupying the place of honor at one end of the table, whilst Tom Pullum "attended to things" at the other.

This Tom Pullum was a young lawyer, an old bachelor, had just money enough to render him independent

of his practice, was fond of his toddy, was addicted to cards, intensely fond of a practical joke, and, as he said, "didn't care a continental toothpick for any man that wore hair." He was also a perfect terror to old Judge Parker.

At every previous session of Court had the Judge been made to suffer at Tom's hands, and consequently all felt sure that in a few days the old man's peace would be again in some manner rudely disturbed.

One evening, after a day of unusually hard work, the Judge, the Clerk of his court, and all the members of the Bar had assembled for dinner. They had by no means forgotten their appetites, as men engaged in exciting pursuits sometimes do. They were barbarous and fierce in their hunger, as their eyes wandered over cold fowl and ham, hot rolls and well-cooked vegetables; and they anxiously awaited the signal from the head of the table to go to work.

That word however was not given. The Judge sat staring in speechless surprise at the table before him. We followed his glance, and for the first time all observed that his bottle of wine was missing from its customary place before his plate.

"By all the stars in heaven!" he finally exclaimed, as a trembling servant approached him. "Why, what's the matter? Where's my wine?"

"Dunno, sir. 'Twant me, swear to God 'twant me!"

"Why, you dumb blockhead of a nigger you, go to the cellar and bring me a bottle."

"Did go, sir. I expect as how it were a ghost."

"A ghost! Why, in the name of all that's good, what is the matter? Are you drunk?"

"No, sir; I'm all right, sir; but there's no wine there."

"None there!" cried the enraged Judge, "none there? Then, you rascally nigger, you stole it. Catch him, somebody," he added, springing up and racing after the terror-stricken negro, "catch him! Confound him, I'll —"

"Hold up, Judge," here interposed Tom Pullum. "Come here and try this. I believe it's as good as yours."

All eyes were at once turned upon Tom. There he stood, a roguish smile on his face, and holding in his hand, not his customary glass of ale, but a bottle of wine of exactly the same shape, size, and appearance as those which had grown so familiar at the Judge's end of the table.

One moment the old man stared at him in stupid bewilderment; the next, a smile spread over his features.

"Ah, I see!" said he. "One of your tricks, was it? Well, suppose you just hand over that bottle now, and the balance after dinner. And let me tell you, young man, don't you try that little game on again, that's all."

"The deuce you say!" exclaimed Tom. "Hand over that bottle! By Jove! I rather think not. It's mine. I bought it."

"Yours!" cried the Judge, "yours? Why, don't I tell you it's mine! It's been purloined out of the landlord's back-kitchen closet, where I've always kept it. It's mine, I say! Haven't I been drinking that same wine out of that same kind of a bottle for the last ten years, and don't I know there's no more like it? Say, haven't I, sir?"

"Can't help it if you have," replied Tom. "It's mine for all that, and I'm going to drink it too. I'll give you a little, though, if you can't eat without it; but

you were most confoundedly stingy with yours when you had it."

The Judge was caught. He was sure the wine belonged to him, as was everybody else; but he could not prove it, and he could not eat his dinner without it. He was obliged to submit, and to have his small share portioned out to him by Tom, who took good care to make him fully understand how generous *he* was to him who had hitherto been so selfish.

The Judge slowly sipped it, and when he perceived the familiar flavor, sulkily asked:

"May I know, sir, *where* you *purchased* that wine?"

"Certainly," said Tom, "certainly; I *purchased* it from Jack, the waiter."

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the Judge, "I knew it! That black rascal stole it. I'll give him ten years for it, as soon as I get the proof, or my name's not Joseph Parker!"

After dinner Jack was interviewed. He was a large, portly man, a good servant, very polite, and much liked by everybody.

"Jack," said the Judge, very coolly, "you stole my wine!"

"Impossible!" replied Jack, "downright impossible, your Honor!"

"No, sir, it is not impossible; you *did* steal it. Nobody was allowed to go into that kitchen but you, and no one had a key to that closet but you."

"It's my opinion, your Honor, as how it were a ghost."

"A ghost, you idiot! Did the ghost sell wine to Tom Pullum too?"

"No, sir, I did that. I bought that wine a week

ago on a spec, knowing as how Mr. Pullum he were fond of it, and would pay me for it."

"Have you any more of it?"

"Yes, your Honor, ten bottles."

"Bring it here and I'll give you a dollar a bottle for it. Mind, now, I want every bottle you have got."

The wine was brought, the money paid, and Jack dismissed.

The Judge now determined to lock it up in the same closet, keep the key himself, and employ a watch for a night or two, in hopes of catching the thief.

All the next day he was in a most unconscionable ill-humor. He felt sure that Jack had stolen his wine, and that he had been instigated thereto by some of the members of the Bar. Three o'clock came; four, five, and six; the lawyers were ravenously hungry and completely tired out, but still he refused to adjourn. He was determined in some way to have his revenge, even if he did punish the innocent with the guilty.

Tom Pullum had been hard at work all day. By seven o'clock he had just finished his case, and another one in which he was engaged followed immediately after upon the docket.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "we will now adjourn for two hours. We will take up the next case to-night. This term has lasted too long already; we must end it as soon as possible."

"But, if your Honor please," cried Tom, "I did not—"

"Silence!" roared the Judge. "Crier, adjourn Court till nine o'clock."

When the other lawyers saw Mr. Tom Pullum hard at work that terribly warm night, in his shirt-sleeves, and bathed in perspiration, they rightly judged that Joseph Parker's wine would be undisturbed for several days at least.

A week passed away, during which the Judge was left at peace. At the end of that time, however, something seemed again to have aroused his anger.

One day at dinner Tom Pullum was observed to have another bottle of wine precisely similar in appearance to the preceding one. The Judge eyed it for a moment, then pointing his finger at it, laconically uttered :

"Wine again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Same kind as the other?"

"Precisely."

"Jack, again?"

"Yes, sir, bought it of Jack."

The Judge arose, went to the cellar, and was absent but a moment. Re-entering the room, he exclaimed :

"Ah, I thought so! Another bottle stolen last night! Where's Jack?"

In a few moments Jack made his appearance, looking more than usually innocent and sheepish. His stolid equanimity was sadly provoking.

"You infernal rascal! Who stole my wine last night?"

"Dunno, your Honor, unless it were the ghost."

"And did a ghost sell a bottle to Tom Pullum too? Say, sir."

"No, sir, That was a bottle I overlooked last week."

"Oh, you did, did you? You black scoundrel, you!"

"Yes, sir. And I told your Honor as how it were a ghost; your man seed one last night."

With frightful imprecations the Judge drove him from the room.

Then turning to us: "Gentlemen," said he in a voice of utter despair, "what *am* I to do about this thing?"

"Suppose we send for the man who was watching for you last night and see what he knows about it," suggested one of the Bar.

This proposal was at first rejected with contempt, on account of the known stupidity of the man with whom it originated; but as no one ventured to suggest anything either better or worse, it was at last unanimously agreed to, and the man was accordingly sent for. He reported that he had kept a strict watch; that he had securely fastened the only window in the room, so that it was impossible for any one to enter except at the door; that everything had remained quiet until about twelve o'clock, when hearing a noise in the room, he opened the door and looked in. One glance had been sufficient; he incontinently fled, and had hardly yet recovered from his fright.

"Why, what did you see?" exclaimed the Judge.

"Well, sir," replied the man, "I think it must have been the Devil. It had a head like a horse, only there was no flesh on it; it was all in white, and there were flashes of fire all about it."

Tom Pullum here remarked that he believed it was the ghost of old Roger B. Taney, who, he said, was well known to have had a mule's head on his shoulders, and who was also very fond of wine.

Little Jim Moore, who believes in ghosts, said that he

thought it was the spirit of old Mr. Parker himself, who no doubt had been for a long time suffering for a drop or two of his favorite wine; and he, Jim, would bet a sixpence that if we looked, we would find that all the wine had disappeared. We did examine the closet, and sure enough, only three bottles remained.

But this ghost theory, however well supported, did not satisfy the Judge. That infernal rascal of a nigger, assisted by Mr. Tom Pullum, had stolen his wine. He knew it; there was no use of talking about it, and he'd be blessed if he didn't have vengeance. These were Joseph Parker's opinions, and he was not to be argued into any other way of thinking.

Up to this time we had been of the same opinion, all believing Jack and Tom to be the rogues. But now this was changed. Many of the Bar believed in ghosts, and also believed they only troubled very wicked people, among whom they had not hitherto classed the Judge.

Here was the evidence of a fearless, disinterested man who testified to seeing a ghost. The proof was sufficient—they all believed.

Thus the Bar were divided into two parties, and only two, respecting the loss of the wine. One believed in a supernatural, the other in a roguish agency. In numbers they were about equal, so that the Judge stood in the pleasant predicament of being looked upon in a sinful light by one-half of his friends, and in a ludicrous one by the other.

When night again came, he declared his intention of remaining on watch himself, and he swore that he would arm himself, and shoot any man who attempted to play a trick on him. Ghost or human, it should taste an ounce of cold lead.

Hitherto the watching had been kept a secret, known only to the Judge and one or two of his friends; but now as the thief had appeared openly, and was generally supposed to be a ghost, there was no need of secrecy. All knew that a watch was to be kept that night, and all were anxious to see the fun except the believers in the spiritual, who thought it a sinful proceeding, and darkly hinted that if persisted in we "should all see what we should see."

By ten o'clock all the preparations had been made. Three men were stationed at the door, armed with clubs, and with orders that upon hearing the slightest noise they were to rush into the room, and if they saw a head, they should hit it: all inquiries could be made afterwards. The door was kept closed because it was thought the ghost might hesitate to appear before three well-armed and resolute men; consequently, these three watchmen could only judge of what occurred in the room by their sense of hearing. The Judge himself determined to occupy the window, as affording both a safe retreat and a good post for observation. This window was about five feet from the floor, and but a short distance from the closet wherein was kept the wine. Standing upon a barrel placed on the outside, the Judge's head and shoulders just appeared above the sill. The sash was raised to a height sufficient to allow of his springing easily into the room, should occasion require it. Here he took up his station, and patiently waited.

It was a splendid night. There was no moon, but the stars made it darkly, yet at the same time brightly beautiful. In the room, however, the darkness was Cimmerian. The Judge was provided for this, as he held in his hand, below the window-sill, a large glass lantern.

About twelve o'clock, according to the account he afterwards gave us, he heard a slight rasping sound in the room. It was very slight, not even sufficient to arouse the attention of his watchmen. He kept very quiet, and watched. Presently there descended into the room, how he could not tell, a most ghostly figure indeed. It had a frightful head, somewhat in the shape of that of a horse, and the glaring sockets of its eyes were distinctly marked in lineaments of fire. Its jaws were immense, and seemed to be gnashing for something to devour. It was dressed in white, had the figure of a human being, and had a pale blue halo of light around it. Noise it made none, though it was apparently in motion. One look was enough. The Judge, by no means a coward, and firmly believing it to be Jack or Tom, fired his pistol at it and attempted to spring into the room.

Alas! the activity of his youthful days had departed. He did not spring high enough, and catching his foot upon the sill, he fell sprawling into the room. Instantly the ghost disappeared, the light was extinguished, and the Judge was alone in the darkness.

At this moment the watchmen, hearing the noise, rushed in, and seeing a man apparently crawling toward the closet, obeyed their instructions, as to making inquiries, to the letter, and began to pound away at him most unmercifully.

"Hi! Hello here! Help! My God, don't kill me!" roared the helpless Judge, not knowing for the moment who was beating him. The excitement had so changed his voice that the men did not recognise it; but they ceased to cudgel him, and grasping him by the collar, roughly shook him, at the same time expres-

sing a half-determination to make a ghost of him in reality.

Upon his giving his name he was brought out into the light, where by this time we had all assembled. He then gave us, in the most excited manner, the foregoing account, and requested us to accompany him to the kitchen.

We did so, but the most scrutinising search could discover nothing extraordinary. There was not even so much as the smell of sulphur about the spot. The whole affair was involved in the most profound mystery, and so remained. As the wine was now all gone, the Judge gave over all attempts at discovering the thief. Many believed more firmly in ghosts, and Tom Pullum expressed himself so far converted to the supernatural theory as to declare that he intended to reform, and that he should never again get drunk except in pious company.

There never yet was a ghost story that did not prove a very simple affair when the key to it was found. When the last day of Court came, the Judge called Jack into his room, and offered him forgiveness and five dollars to explain how his wine had disappeared.

"You will do nothing to me, and give me five dollars?"

"Yes."

"Put it in writing, sir."

The Judge did so.

"Well, your Honor, I took it."

"Ah! I thought so. How about the ghost?"

"Well, you see, sir, Mr. Pullum he fixed all that. First he 'suaded me to steal the whole box. I done it, and sold part of it back to you. When the rest were all gone, I tried to get a few bottles more of yourn. But you watched 'em, and so I told Mr. Pullum. He fixed up a horse-head on a pole, covered the pole with a night-shirt, and stuck a candle in de head, and dar it was, sir, as pretty a ghost as ever you saw. It a'most frightened me, sir."

"Well, but how did it get into the kitchen?"

"Dar was de dumb-waiter a running between the kitchen and de dining-room. We stood in de dining-room, took out de shelves, put in de ghost, let it down, and when everybody was scared away I went down and foted up de wine. Mr. Pullum he pulled me up and let me down. The night you was there nobody went down but de ghost."

"Well, Jack," said the Judge, "there are your five dollars. You're safe this time; but be careful, my man, be careful. If you are ever arrested for stealing, don't be tried before me, that's all!"

THE SABBATH.

DAY of days ! best of the seven
By the kind Creator given ;
Sanctified by *His* example,
On whose laws we ne'er should trample.

Sweet to me thy precious hours,
Hallowing all my ransomed powers,
While in worship they are spent,
And to holy uses lent.

Moments sacred to the Lord,
Oh, what comfort ye afford !
Purchase of the Saviour's merit,
Which believers all inherit.

From the week-day cares exempt,
Come, my soul, in faith attempt
Loftier flight than e'er before,
Towards thy home on Canaan's shore.

Salem's glittering towers behold,
Gaze on streets of shining gold ;
See the inviting mansions there,
Catch the song that moves the air.

In that world, all bright and blest,
Every child of God shall rest
When the toils of life are o'er ;
Sabbath then forevermore.

For the emblem, praise thy God ;
Be its use well understood ;
Keep it holy : soon thou'lt see
Heaven, the great reality.

J. T. W.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AN ESSAY.

If recapitulation will awaken in the minds of the members of the "Addison Reunion" an appreciation of the great genius, an admiration of the character of Mrs. Browning, I shall feel that I have at least accomplished something in being one of your number. For in admiring the noble and beautiful, we aim after it. Ladies of the "Addison" proudly hold up this name, for she is a queen among women. Not queenly in person; but she had the soul-lit eye and massive brow whose crown was majesty of thought.

England has the honor of being the birth-place of Elizabeth Barrett. There she spent her early years, and passed through deep affliction, which no doubt did much toward the early development of the character which grew into such perfect symmetry. One great grief was the death of her brother; she saw him sink beneath the waves, and so great was the shock upon her nervous system that it was months before she recovered. All the attention of physicians seemed unavailing, when suddenly there arose a more skilful healer: his power lay hidden in the heart's depths. Mr. Browning called at the house one day, and was shown into Miss Barrett's presence through mistake. Their souls met and mingled; in her own words, she discovered "from Browning some Pomegranate, which when cut deep down the middle, showed a heart within."

There is little positively known of her life; but much of her heart-experience is given in her *Sonnets from*

the Portuguese, many of which are full of sweetest thought and deepest heart-throbs. In one she counts the ways she loves, and says :

“ I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day’s
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light ;
I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life ! And, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.”

Though Mrs. Browning arose from her couch to receive her wedding-ring, in the land of poetry and art, beneath the blue skies of Italy, in her heart’s home, she imbibed new strength, and during the fifteen years of her married life (which commenced in the autumn of 1846) she seemed to have led a life of outward calm. Unlike most other poets, they were happy in their married relation, even as she was unlike all others in mind. They were twin souls, both bearing the fire of song within.

She became the mother of one little boy, to whom she so touchingly refers in her poem entitled *Only a Curl*.

“ Oh, children ! I never lost one ;
Yet my arm’s round my own little son,
And love knows the secret of grief.”

This poem is an expression of her sympathy and words of comfort to a friend who had lost her child.

Mrs. Browning possessed a grand intellect. Her learning was extensive ; in the classics she was at home. Her writings have been objected to upon the plea that they were so entangled in the labyrinth of a buried past that they were accessible only to the student. While this may hold good of her essays on the

Greek poets, and a few of her poems, it cannot be truthfully said of the majority of her efforts. In her nature the sublime in mind and pure in heart were combined. "She was a soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl."

If her great intellect gave rise to the assertion that "she was masculine," we can but wonder wherein it has been evinced. In almost every production of her pen can be seen throbbing the woman's heart, not in those weak, effervescent expressions of feeling which in displaying the surface show all; not in that unrest which embraces the first and every object which comes within its reach, simply because the heart was full of love, and in its overflowing sprinkles every object worthy or unworthy; but that absorbing, enduring love was hers. Hear her own words from *Loved Once*:

"Say never, ye loved once:
God is too near above, the grave beneath,
And all our moments breathe
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,
For such a word,"

And in another stanza:

"But love strikes one hour. Love! those *never* loved
Who dream that they loved once."

The narrow boundaries of time were no obstacle to her flights; her mind reveled in the great unknown. Whatever she valued assumed an immortal nature, and she clasped it to her heart with the strength of an endless affection.

Among her pathetic pieces may be mentioned, *Cry of the Children*, *Cry of the Human*, *Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus*, *My Heart and I*, &c., &c. Mrs. Browning's fancies were sometimes the sweetest; as in con-

trasting the rolling country of England with the Alps, she says :

“ View the ground’s most gentle dimplement,
As if God’s finger touched but did not press,
In making England.”

Crowned and Buried is one of her strongest pieces. In this she says of Napoleon, after telling of his deeds in a masterly manner :

“ I do not praise this man : the man was flawed
For Adam — much more, Christ ! — his knee unbent,
His hand unclean, his aspiration pent
Within a sword-sweep.”

Some of her figures combine grandeur and sublimity to perfection. The description of the horse on the castle-wall with hoof poised in air, in *The Rhyme of the Duchess May*, and the death-steed in the *Drama of Exile*, cannot be surpassed. *Bertha in the Lane* is full of pathos and beauty, closing with these lines :

“ Mystic Dove alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind, above loss.

“ Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love’s divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation ;
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels’ hands of fire :
I aspire while I expire.”

She also makes many happy hits, for instance she says of Aurora’s aunt :

“ She sighed and thanked God.
(Some people always sigh in thanking God.)”

Though critics do lay bare many errors in Mrs. Browning's writings, though they pronounce *Aurora Leigh* a failure, yet it is a book you may read daily and find new enjoyment. While she does not advance with the precise and measured step of Tennyson, yet she has many graceful curves and pleasing nooks which his majestic pen could never enter.

Mrs. Browning does honor to her womanhood by adorning all her writings with the robe of purity; her books contain nothing which need flush the fairest cheek. Indeed, she seems so angelic that one feels her spirit only trembled on the humanly. She understood every pulse of the human heart, and lived them all in her quiet life.

While we wonderingly admire her great genius, while we despair of attaining the heights which she reached in the literary world, though we may not be gifted as she was, yet we all have entrusted to us some talent for which we are accountable, and we may each be noble in our sphere as she was in hers. "Her greatest glory consisted not in her unsurpassed genius, but that she was the Christian wife and mother." In her heart-life we may be her equal; and though our names may never be echoed beyond our own native hills, we can break the silence of angels in heaven whispering our deeds of love.

In Florence, June 29th, 1861, aged 52, this pure spirit passed to its eternal rest. Says Theodore Tilton: "She beheld the heavenly glory before passing the gate. It is beautiful! she exclaimed, and died; sealing these last words upon her lips as the fittest inscription that could ever be written upon her life, her genius and her

mory. What she wrote of Cowper's grave now stands written of her own :

"It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying ;
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying ;
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish !
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her
anguish."

ADA.

THE LOVERS' WHISPERING GALLERY
UNDER THE SEA.

BY T. E. VAN BEBBER.

I'VE heard of galleries, galleries submarine,
Which lovers secretly, sweetly may whisper in,
Where winged syllables fleetly are wafted through,
Swift as the lightning's flash cleaves a black cloud in
two.

Come, my beloved one! speak to me, speak to me!
How my heart throbs to thee through the vast hungry
sea!

Where huge leviathans sport, far off from either shore,
We may hold-converse sweet over old ocean's floor;
Over drowned argosies, o'er sunken treasure-ships:
Speak to me, speak to me, with thy fresh rosy lips!

Deep under mountain waves, deep under tossing brine,
Far 'neath the touch of the sailor's deep sounding-
line,

Far as salt billows boom, far as tides ebb and flow,
Loving thoughts wander now, aye flashing to and' fro.
Then though between us, love, storm-beaten oceans
roll —

Speak to me,—stream to me,—flash through my in-
most soul!

AN APOLOGY.

LINES ON A STOLEN KISS.

My heart is filled with anxious care ;
Poor victim, I, to Cupid's snare.
My lady fair, 'tis caused by thee :
Charmed by thy face so heavenly,
Invited by the place and time,
I did what none will deem a crime :
I found thee sleeping — stole a kiss :
Who could deny themselves such bliss ?
The prude might censure what was done ;
Let others judge, I like the fun ;
Their judgment will be all in vain,
I'll bear the censure o'er again ;
For fear of prudes I'll never miss
The rapture of such pleasing bliss.
But if *you* censure, lady dear,
Unless some other hope appear
Its comforts on me to bestow,
I sink beneath my weight of woe.
I guilty plead, but what's my crime
Who'd have the heart at such a time ?
To rob a man of so much bliss ?
It surely is no crime to kiss.
Have pity on my wounded heart ;
I beg forgiveness on thy part.
Oh, do not blame, I humbly sue :
How could I help what I did do ?
I'll make atonement any way ;
An honest judgment's all I pray.

Perhaps I did somewhat presume ;
But who could see, in richest bloom,
The lovely rose, nor sip its sweets ;
The mellow peach, nor taste its meats ?
And such temptation is but slight
Compared to that did me invite ;
No rose as thine on lips so fair,
No peach to thy soft cheeks compare :
I saw the chance, and did but try
To steal what money could not buy.
Now I submit my case is clear ;
But pray thee don't be too severe !

B.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE.

FIRMLY relying on God's precious word,
And trusting in my dying, risen Lord,
I look beyond the scenes of time and sense,
To that celestial, holy hill, from whence
He soon will come, His saints to recompense.

Heaven is the home for which my soul doth long :
Oh, with what rapture shall I join the song,
Pure, sweet and full, which millions there shall sing
Eternally to God, their Saviour, King !

Lord, give me grace that I my faith may show
On earth, by striving all Thy will to do.
Vain, else, my hope. Oh, fill me with Thy *love* ;
Engage my soul through life its power to prove.

J. T. W.

A VISIT TO HARPER'S FERRY.

THE morning we started was all our hearts desired. It was bright and beautiful. The waning moon looked as smilingly as it could from a cloudless sky; the stars seemed to vie with each other to see which could twinkle the merriest; and a gentle breeze made soft music as it rippled among the leaves of the grand old forest-trees which stood around us like sentinels to guard the sleeping world. We bade good-bye to our kind friends, and with a hearty "God-speed" from them started on our way; my companion happy in the thought that before the close of another day (D. V.) he would meet his well-beloved and affectionate companion and children, who had been on a visit to their friends in Virginia; and ourselves delighted with everything, and especially filled with glowing anticipations of the pleasure we would have in seeing with our own eyes those great natural curiosities concerning which we had so often read. Our sable driver seemed to have caught the spirit of the occasion, and afforded us much amusement by his droll remarks, which came in so exceedingly apropos as to prove that while his eyes were on the road and his hand on the lines to guide his spirited team, so as to make even the rough places smooth as possible by care and management, his ears were open to all we had to say, and his thoughts followed ours as we chased the fleeting fancies suggested by the occasion over the flowery fields of imagination. And so it happened that as we hurried along, our way was so pleasantly beguiled that hours had fled and

miles had been passed, the stars had faded, the moon grown pale, the birds greeted us with their morning song, and the sun rising in cloudless majesty beheld us far on our way; and we hardly realised that we had fairly started from our homes in the heart of Carroll before we were rapidly traversing the smooth pike which leads, amidst the fertile fields of the beautiful valley, on to the charming little city of Frederick, which place we reached in time to take the morning train for Harper's Ferry.

We arrived safely, after an extremely hot ride in a crowded car. The heat was oppressive, and I will just remark here, by way of parenthesis, that I would not advise any one to visit this place either in very hot or very cold weather. Here I bade farewell to my companion. This was my first visit; and putting a wet handkerchief (not a brick) in my hat to keep my head cool, I turned out, into the heat of a sultry summer afternoon, to see the sights. I do not propose to detail what I saw, because this has been so often and so well done that a description by me would be superfluous. I visited first the ruins of the Armory buildings, and peeped in at the window of the house where Ossawatimie Brown and his fanatical followers were held as prisoners; the only portion of the Armory I believe left standing.

As I walked along the road at the foot of the precipice under Bolivar Heights, I heard what I supposed was the rippling of a brook; but I sought for it in vain, and I inquired of persons I met if there was not a small stream upon the heights, but those who knew assured me that there was not, so that I am led to conclude that there is more than poetic fancy in the declaration that rustling leaves and rippling waters

make music so much alike that your humble servant cannot always distinguish the one from the other.

After a long chat with a blind man who lives in a little house under the heights, and who has a great many wonderful things to tell about the history of the place which proved so entertaining that I would advise any one visiting the town to call on him, I scrambled up the side of the steep hill, up over the broken terraces, until I stood upon the threshold of what had been pointed out to me as the ruins of the "Radical" (M. P.) Church. I scarcely knew what they meant by the term *Radical*; but I expect the *Fathers* are familiar with it. Shades of the departed! what a sight met my eyes as I stood within the portals of that desecrated temple. It required, I assure you, an effort of the imagination to realise that the Shekinah of God's presence had once made its abode in this now desolate place. I desire here to express my sympathy for the band of worshippers who once met there. I was told they had built another church, and although anxious to do so did not get to see it. I left here, and passing over a desolated graveyard, made my way to Jefferson's Rock. I was told that there was a tradition that, seated on this rock, Jefferson wrote his *Notes on Virginia*; and although I had no faith in the tradition, it did not detract in the least from my enjoyment of the magnificent view to be had from its summit. Allow me here, while I refer the reader for a general description to Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*, to clip the following from a little work, *Annals of Harper's Ferry*, published by a native of the place.

"On one side of the town the Maryland Heights, and on the other the Loudon Heights, frown majestically ;

and imagination might easily picture them as guardian giants defending the portals of the noble Valley of Virginia. Between these two ramparts, in a gorge of savage grandeur, the lordly Potomac takes to his embrace the beautiful Shenandoah. This is the scenery of which Jefferson said that a sight of it was worth a trip across the Atlantic. It is supposed by many that the whole Valley of Virginia was at one time a vast sea, and that during some convulsion of nature the imprisoned waters found an outlet at this place. Be this as it may, it is a scene of awful sublimity, and well deserves the many panegyrics it has received from orator and poet."

We visited Maryland Heights, and as we stood on the broken rampart of one of the forts which crown the brow of the hill, gazing with wondering eyes at the magnificent scenery which spread out around and beneath us, we were greeted with one of the most exquisite songs ear ever heard. The sweet singer completed the contrast which struck forcibly upon our minds as we contemplated the beautiful scene, so full of joy, peace and loveliness; remembering that only a few years ago, from this very spot "grim-visaged" Mars had hurled the thunderbolts of destruction, and the harsh fife and the rolling drum, the rattling musketry and the thundering cannon had been the dreadful music echoed back from height to height; but now the sweet songsters which had been frightened away, having returned, were singing their sweet songs of thanksgiving and praise that the loved angel of peace smiled once more upon the sunny South.

One of the greatest curiosities to visitors is the great iron bridge which spans the Potomac river at this place,

built by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad ; it is shaped like a huge letter Y, and is a wonderful combination of iron pillars, braces and rods. It is said to be marvellously strong, and to our untutored eyes it seemed as if the engineer had tried how many iron rods he could put into a given space without destroying the gracefulness of the structure. Indeed, so well is it proportioned that it seems to rest as lightly upon the stone piers imbedded in the river as a dainty maiden's feet would press upon a bed of violets ; in this respect having decidedly the advantage of the far more famous Victoria Bridge that crosses the St. Lawrence river at Montreal, which besides being as dark as a tunnel, is as clumsy looking as it is gigantic.

Bidding adieu to Harper's Ferry, we stepped aboard the train, which leisurely wended its way out of the town, following for some distance the windings of the Shenandoah, on through Charleston to Winchester, from which place we continued our journey through the Valley, visiting many places of interest which it will give me pleasure to describe on some future occasion.

B.

A SONNET.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

On Hearing a Young Lady Play on the Harmonicon.

Lo! as yon maiden's graceful fingers pass
In mazy evolutions round and round
Those tuneful vessels of harmonic glass,
Through all the house there rings the magic sound
Of such old tunes as oft some Highland lass
Delights her lambs with on a grassy mound
Or quiet pastoral valley. Tubes of brass,
The mellow flute, the Moorish drum profound —
All in their way delight melodious ears;
But naught with such strange force the soul absorbs,
Or rivals more the music of the spheres,
Than when, revolving round yon glassy orbs,
Old airs are heard, once vocal on the Tyne,
Sweet notes of *Bonny Doon*, or mournful *Auld Lang*
Syne.

A VOICE FROM THE "SECOND STORY FRONT."

OR MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN BOARDING.

I BELIEVE it is said that when a woman is unhappy she takes to writing, I suppose upon the principle of the flower giving forth its sweetest odors when rudely crushed. The poet must have had some such idea when he bade us

"Give sorrow words;"

adding,

"The grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

I am loath to accept this as a general rule, for I can but think that if all the female literature which is now flooding the world be but the offspring of *woe*, we should not see quite so many happy blooming faces around us. However, be that as it may, I am impelled by some strong feeling within me (I believe that is the conventional mode of expression now-a-days) to give my own peculiar sorrow words to-night (for who ever heard of anything being written in the day-time?); and there being at hand no congenial spirit into whose sympathising bosom I may pour my griefs, I am furthur impelled by the same unaccountable something within to pour them out upon this friendly sheet, hoping, in the manner of all lady-writers, that they may find an echo in that heart of which plaintive mention is so often made.

Young lady-readers, your sympathies I bespeak. Do not refuse to "give to misery all it asks, a tear!" Some eight months ago I was thrown into a state of ecstasy such as young persons of my age and temperament are apt to indulge in, by an announcement from my husband on his return from town one evening. "Sophronia," he said in his laconic way, "pack up immediately; we are going to the city for the winter." Now be it known that our residence was near one of the sweet little villages that nestle around the City of Monuments, and "the city" meant no other than Baltimore itself. To be sure, John and I had been very happy and contented during the two years of our wedded life; but where is the woman in the full possession of health, and endowed with even a moderate love of company and sight-seeing, whose heart does not bound at the thought of a winter in town? Her vivid imagination at once pictures scenes new and delightful. Operas, parties, music, enjoyments both intellectual and social, are thought of and longed for. She looks upon "the city" (magic word!) as a place full of warm hearts and charming people, all united in the bond of citizenship, having thoughts and pleasures in common, and in fact as so many dear friends ready and waiting to embrace a novice and welcome her to their ranks.

Well, John engaged rooms in what is called a "first-class boarding-house." He made minute inquiries as to the social status of the boarders, and found to his satisfaction that Mrs. Gen. A. and son, Governor B's wife and sister, Judge This and the Hon. That were all inmates. As for me, my foolish heart beat proudly at the thought of being intimately associated

with such famous people. I fondly dreamed of conversations in which talented men and witty women should make friendly war upon each other, and believed that every day would be a "feast of reason and a flow of soul."

Thus dreaming, we started; the trunks left behind to remain until called for by John, who must needs see me installed first of all. And now comes the pathetic part of my poor little story. I shall endeavor to give the events (of which there will be *very few*) in their regular order of occurrence, and I promise you that my reflections (which will be many) and the descriptions of my feelings (which will be still more numerous) shall not be one whit exaggerated. I will write calmly and dispassionately, as I'm a woman.

It was a dreary day when our carriage drew up before No. 80 — street. "It rained, and the wind seemed never weary" of sobbing round the house in the saddest way imaginable. Sometimes it drove in fitful gusts down the streets, and strong men bent before its force as a ship bends to the gale. The landlady was all graciousness, the rooms a perfect marvel of taste and beauty. John led me in somewhat as the prince in a fairy tale would be supposed to usher in his fair bride whom he has just rescued at the peril of his life from a wicked old hag. "Sophronia," he said (dear old John! he is always saying Sophronia in *such* a tone), "Sophronia," looking blandly at me, and including in one wave of his hand all the bedsteads, bureaus, sofas, &c., &c., that were so lavishly distributed through the rooms, "*all yours! be happy!*" After which mild command my liege lord left me to my happiness(?) and went his way. And I, the temporary

mistress of all this mahogany and Brussels, sat me down and gazed around with a feeling of loneliness and ennui such as I had never felt before. I would have given worlds for a good cry ; but no, such was not a fitting prelude to the winter in town. Next it occurred to me to follow John to his office and tell him I was lonely ; but I reflected that the day being inclement the “ *boarders* ” might wonder to see me out on foot. I waited, it must have been nearly an hour (my watch, I discovered with a horror unspeakable, had stopped), then rose slowly, and like Micawber, bethought me of my situation. “ I must begin to feel at home ” came like a “ happy thought,” and as the first step towards that desirable end, I locked the door *very easy* and took off my “ things.” Then I went round, creeping softly, and made the acquaintance of the inanimate objects the room contained. I opened the bureau-drawers. They were empty ; they looked like graves. A wardrobe loomed up, hugely in a dark corner, and I felt a superstitious dread of opening it, almost expecting the skeleton of the house to confront me with his grim visage. About this time my trunks arrived, and the next hour was spent in unpacking and putting all things “ decently and in order ; ” after which I felt extremely dismal, you may be sure. Oh ! I thought, what time is it ? If John would only come, if a servant would knock at my door, if somebody would look in by mistake (forgetting in my dreariness that I had turned the key, which would effectually prevent any looking in) — anything, anything to break the horrible silence that was growing intolerable ! But as is usual in such cases, nothing at all occurred. I could catch the sound of “ footfalls tinkling on the tufted

floor" of the room adjoining, and every now and then a ringing laugh from some girlish throat only served to make my loneliness more terrible. Oh, the horrors of a life of idleness! If I had had pen or paper (all writing materials, by the way, were packed with my work-basket in a box that was to have come by express and didn't), a little sewing, a book to read, anything to occupy either mind or body, I would have felt blest; but oh! I was beginning to sigh again, when just then I heard a childish voice call "Mamma! Mamma!" and tiny feet pattered past my door. I started from my seat and rushed into the hall. There stood a sturdy little fellow of some three or four years, his cheek glowing and his eyes dancing. With his little fists he hammered upon a door just across the passage, and continued his call for "Mamma!" I dared not speak, but oh! how I longed for the baby to come into my sepulchre. I smiled, I made frantic gestures of entreaty; he stopped hammering and looked at me. Then I grew more anxious, redoubled the gestures, signed to him to wait a moment, flew into my room, dashed open a trunk, hastily broke off a piece of cake, and dashed back—he was gone! Silently the door opposite had opened and swallowed him up. I stood aghast, the cake dropped to the floor; I had not expected anything so terrible as this. I gazed long at the door opposite, I longed to see it open; I began to wonder what it looked like in there, beyond that cold door.

How long this lasted I know not, but suddenly I became aware of footsteps approaching, and hurriedly entering my own room, I sat down to my loneliness. It was only a waiter with a huge bell in his hand,

and presently the lively call to dinner rang through the house. Oh! then for a time all was animation; footsteps passed quickly along the halls, dresses rustled by my door, a subdued sound of talking and pleasant laughter came to me mellowed by distance. At last I roused myself and went down, with no appetite at all, to the dining-room, regretting that my husband's office was too far off for him to return at midday. It was a solitary dinner, made more so by the presence of so many lively-looking people, who knew each other and who didn't know me; but like everything else it came to an end, and I returned to my apartments without having once spoken, except to order my dinner. John came at dusk. I told him my troubles, for they were indeed greater than I could bear. He laughed at my woeful countenance, and tried to brighten things up all he could; but by that time I felt that I was a martyr, and nothing earthly could have made me smile. "Come, wife," said John, "dress for supper, and you and I will have a lively cup of tea together, even if we *are* strangers to all the rest. Put on your pretty pink bow that you know I like so much, and smile a little for your tired old husband." "Pink bow!" I snapped. "Ridiculous! If there is anything I *hate*, it is to see a woman go to a boarding-house table dressed out in gay colors. And let me tell you, John," I added, growing more and more outraged and indignant at every word, "you need not try to say anything foolish or funny to me at supper; I don't want to hear any jokes, for I don't feel like laughing, and I *won't* laugh. Everybody will know that we are putting it on, and I am bent and determined upon not speaking a word. Pink bow indeed! when I am *perfectly miserable*." This outburst,

I am sorry to say, ended in a flood of tears, after which I felt a little more comfortable, and was prevailed upon to "eat a little something" in my own room; while I need scarcely say the offending and offensive "bow" was not mentioned again during the evening.

My dear boy and I made it all up during the evening, and we called ourselves all sorts of hard names, and each declared that the other was the "best creature living," until we talked ourselves into a most enviable frame of mind, and closed our eyes upon all the troubles of the last twelve hours.

Next morning came, and after breakfast off went my husband with the promise of some "pin money" by evening. Another day like the preceding, only more fearful. No trunks to unpack; no baby crying "Mamma;" no hammering opposite; no sunshine; no gaily dressed people promenading the streets; no box come by express, and consequently no pens, paper, or sewing materials. In the evening I felt like a corpse, and would not have spoken aloud for worlds; even John's voice sounded unnatural as he came in rather early, and shouted out a welcome as usual. "Oh, hush, hush!" I whispered. "Why, what is the matter now?" was the reply, and then I told him of my second dreary day; and as I talked my husband grew despondent, and agreed with me that this state of things was simply terrible. We felt very doleful and retired early without any of the pleasant chatting that was sure to follow the evening meal in our cottage.

Three more days of utter isolation, and of course utter wretchedness, finished off by evenings of moody quiet between us, when one evening my good man

came home rather late (poor fellow, he had nothing agreeable to look forward to). He came in sulkily, threw his hat on a sofa, and sighed, "Well, wife." It was no longer *little* wife in these sad, troublous times. How surprised he was when I sprang gaily towards him, kissed him roundly, scolded him lovingly for being so tardy, and threatened him with going supperless to bed. Then while hanging up his hat, I commenced humming a lively air, and finished by opening the door and calling out "In a minute!" to some one at the foot of the stair. John gazed in silence; he could not understand the thing. I laughed wickedly, and he gazed the more, fixing his eyes upon me in a way that seemed to imply that I was either mad or myself again. I jumped up and shook him, and then at his scared look fell to laughing again in a chair. At last my good man opened his lips and pronounced solemnly, "*Sophronia, you have got acquainted!*" And so it was, dear reader; I had found a friend in the house. A lady, serene, majestic, beautiful in my eyes, had spoken kindly to me after breakfast, then in an hour or more had knocked gently at my door, and on my opening it, had entered, telling me I seemed lonely and young, and offering herself as company for awhile. I soon found I had made no common friend. Her mind was richly stored with knowledge, her manner fascinating, and just patronising enough to be grateful to one so humble as myself just then. On leaving she had invited me to the parlor in the evening; had brought her little grandchild (the baby-boy I had tried to entice to me the first day) and made him kiss me, and at last departed, leaving a sweet sunshine behind her that flooded the whole room, and brightened my heart till I felt like singing.

Such is the effect of a friendly word to the lonely and sad. John and I are now at home in the boarding-house, and the sweet, stately lady is my valued friend. I admit that the reality of city life has not fully equalled the anticipation. I have been disappointed in several things. I have found that misery and nakedness, hunger and despair oft trouble the dwellers therein; but I have also found many firm, enduring friends, and have been taught many useful lessons. Upon the whole I am genuinely sorry to leave the fashionable boarding-house, and give up all the mild dissipations in which I have been indulging for the past six or seven months; but my little cottage is awaiting me, and June is here with her sweet breath. I know the roses are clambering over the porch, and the scent of them draws me to my country home. We leave in the morning, and the dear lady who first spoke to me months ago goes with us.

ALIX.

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

ADDRESSED TO THE ADDISON REUNION.

THE crescent moon o'er sunset hill
Serenely fair was lingering still,
And from the portals of the west
Gazed on the world she long had blest,
Which wooed her smile as oft before,
Like lover, waiting at the door
To sum up all the evening's bliss
And cap the climax with a kiss.
So Luna lingered yet awhile,
And saw a sight that made her smile.
What thus was seen the Muse would tell,
Though Luna keeps a secret well;
This was so funny, 'twould be wrong
Not to respect it in a song.
She watched you all, last Monday night,
And laughed, for 'twas a pleasing sight:
That jolly crowd of beaux and belles,
Of lasses fair, and gay young swells;
But most she laughed that Doctor B——
His lady's illness could not see,
Until lay fainting in his arms
Two hundred pounds of female charms.
Here was a case for which his skill
Could not suggest a single pill;
So in the moonlight, lo! he stands,
His lovely burthen on his hands,
Or in his arms a precious care.
He calls for help. It comes. They bear

The unconscious beauty to the store
Of Mrs. A——, whose welcome door
Was opened by Miss Jennie Keller,
Who hastily had left *her* "*feller*"
In wilderment so very great,
He scarce was conscious of his fate.
And then Miss K—— as quick as thought
The counter cleared, and soon had brought
Of water several buckets full.
The Doctor fanned (it was the rule);
He fanned her with a handkerchief
(Indeed, 'tis almost past belief)
As large, they say, as any sheet.
Ah, Doctor, is it thus you treat
The ladies fair? The burly G——
Came bustling round; and Tommie C——
Recovered from his late surprise,
To add to the confusion flies.
Miss Carrie B—— and Mrs. A——
Do all they can, and little say;
They understand such cases well,
But it will never do to tell
All that they know about such things.
They dosed their patient till the springs
Of active life responsive thrilled,
And every vein life's current filled.
Then Luna peeped in at the door;
Such things she'd often seen before,
And smiled in her peculiar way,
And said: "If you much longer stay,
I'll have to give you all good night;
To wait much longer won't be right."

Then homeward bound the party goes,

And Luna all her brightness throws
Along their path. Miss Emma B——
Clings to the arm of Tommie C——.
The Doctor's but a half support,
This sort of *practice* "*ain't*" *his forte*;
And if he don't improve, 'tis clear
A bachelor's doom is his, I fear.

This Luna saw while lingering still
Above the crest of sunset hill;
And peeping through the window-pane,
She saw Miss Emma once again,
And kissing her pale cheek, she said,
"May angels, hovering round thy bed,
Bring gentle slumbers to thine eyes,
And dreams of '*angels in disguise*.'"
Then softly whispering "Good night,"
She disappeared from Emma's sight.

MISS EMMA'S REPLY.

THE crescent moon that rose so bright
O'er sunset hill last Monday night,
Has bashfully retired from sight ;
No wonder that she hides herself,
The naughty, mischief-making elf !

She and the Doctor seemed to be
Leagued in some unknown mystery,
Which for a time I did not see,
So innocent I am — and then
I know not much of *moons* or *men*.

My Mamma taught me long ago
Both were deceitful ; and I know
It's true, for does not this fact show
How little trust we then can place
In men or moons : it's a "*wild-goose chase*"
To follow either in a race.

The Doctor wrote a touching song,
Which took, I guess, the whole week long,
And in the *end* he got it wrong :
Fair Luna helped him in his verse,
And thus they made the matter worse.

This much is true, the lady fair
Did faint for *want of proper care*.
Now, contradict *that*, if you dare.
She told her escort long before
Arriving at Miss Jennie's door,

She felt so giddy, and she said
 "I'm sick"—but Doctor onward sped,
 Until her weary, weary head
 Sank: but the outstretched arms of one
 Received her, and the deed was done.

With great solicitude and care
 They placed her in an easy-chair
 (Not on the counter.) Ah! how rare
 To get a truthful statement when
 Presented by professional men.

A glass of water fresh and cool
 (I think that is "the general rule")
 Was brought and placed upon a stool;
 That *bucket story* here I'll state
 Was false — *ladies, I don't prevaricate.*

One thing was very evident,
 When Mrs. Armstrong off was sent
 For whiskey, every eye was bent
 Upon that glass. Ah! how they tried
 Each to be *first* to reach *her* side.

They placed it to the patient's lips,
 She drank I think a few small sips,
 When Tommie C. behind her tips —
 "How do you feel?" With languid eyes
 The lady then and there replies.

A conversation then ensued;
 But in the meanwhile one was shrewd,
 And yet not meaning to be rude,
 Lo! to his lips he placed the cup,
 And without parley drank it up.

The party then proposed to start,
The patient rose with fluttering heart ;
Once in a while a glance she'd dart
Across the room, where Master Gehr
Sat chatting with his Carrie dear.

They left the store one on each side ;
I do not think the Doctor tried
His nervousness at all to hide ;
Or if he did, 'twas badly done,
Whether in earnest or in fun.

I hardly think it is " his forte "
To give a fainting girl support ;
Such a weak doctor I'll not court,
For if I did I might expect
To tumble down and break my neck.

Ah, Luna ! you *may* hide your face ;
And, Doctor, you're a hopeless case,
If you allow yourself to chase
The silly moonbeams without discretion.
Better go and attend to your profession.

THE DOCTOR'S DEFENCE.

A WOULD-BE Bard, of much pretence,
Joins in a rhyme at my expense ;
In self-defence I therefore state
Some facts which are not out of date ;
How Doctor C——, with moon-struck wit,
Bowed to the shrine of "*Not a Bit !*"
Then bolder grown, he seized his quill
And mixed up girls and moon and pill.
He thought that Luna scarce had seen
In our old town a group so green,
Because forsooth a lady tall
Into a doctor's arms did fall.
And then Miss B ——, well known to fame,
Has called to light my humble name ;
That had the doctor but been quick,
She had not been so very sick.
Well now, he knows a thing or two,
And even ladies who eschew
Powder, false curls, and even paint,
Will sometimes try a pretty faint.
Now Doctor C——, also Miss E——,
Thought I her illness did not see ;
But if you'll listen, I'll relate.
Affected by a *tete-a-tete*
With Tommie C——, E—— hadn't quite
Recovered from *his sad "good night,"*
And though she took *my* arm polite,
She was not feeling, she said, right ;
And though I saw she acted *queer*,

Thought it because *he* was not near ;
And so, while we the illness knew,
The *cause* was most apparent too.
Of valor the part of discretion is best ;
And, wisely, I thought I would leave the rest
Of escorting to Tommie, who then could be near
To support, if she fainted, his poor little dear.
But doctors always secrets keep ;
At this no one should have a peep,
If ridicule had not been flung,
Severely, oft, from pen and tongue.
Now, silence would imply a doubt
If I knew what I was about,
Or, what the truth could nearer show,
If the lady fainted or only feigned so !
Now this much the Doctor must surely admit
(Excuse me, if I should not speak of it),
These pretty girls with black eyes and blue
Oft made him feel queer and act queerly too ;
And if he did want of politeness display,
The occasion asked more than he had to pay.
He promises you the very next time
Anything happens so much in his line,
He'll haul out the hartshorn and wash off the face
With best of strong alcohol had in the place ;
And the next girl who faints and hangs to his arm,
He'll take a kiss for his fee, and think it no harm.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DOCTOR'S
DEFENCE.

A NEW aspirant takes the field,
Forsakes his pills, the pen to wield
In self-defence; a modest bard,
You see his case is very hard,
And calls for sympathy, 'tis true;
But yet he knows "a thing or two,"
Or thinks he does, but timid still,
He calls to aid another's skill.
Thus backed and doubly armed for fight,
He boldly strikes with all his might.
A poor gallant, his awkward verse
Has surely made the matter worse,
Since all the point of his rude wit,
So harshly put, hurts "*not a bit*,"
And leaves the charge which we complained,
His lack of gallantry, sustained.
Now, Doctor, pray, wilt thou this do?
Read Chesterfield, and Murray too,
And learn to scan, 'twill help thy rhyme;
Be more gallant another time;
Thy lady then perhaps won't faint,
Or if she does she'll no complaint
Against thee bring. "*Bards of pretence*"
Will rhyme no more at thy expense,
But leave thee to enjoy the bliss
Extracted from the stolen kiss.
And since the ladies know thy fee,
The matter's left to them and thee;

But this I think they'd serve thee right,
To slap thy mouth with all their might.

Experience has not taught thee sense,
Nor cured thee of thy impudence;
A little trimming, e'en though rude,
May do our *modest bard* some good.
Shade of great Addison, arise
And teach the Doctor to be wise.

A VISIT TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF A
SCULPTOR.

It was at the season of the year when equinoctial storms usually abound, that a small matter of business compelled me to visit that part of the State of Maryland in which was born the celebrated sculptor, William H. Rinehart, who is now practising his art in Europe, and is at present a resident of the city of Rome. The place to which my business visit was directed happening to be only a mile and a half from his birthplace, I determined to throw off from my mind all ideas connected with dollars and cents, and to permit my imagination to wander at will over the boundless regions of Nature and of art.

"The almighty dollar," I thought to myself, as I drew up the reins of my bridle and directed my horse's head to the westward, "the almighty dollar is powerful — that we all have to confess — but not *all*-powerful as yet, it is firmly to be hoped. Shall we permit this tyrant to govern and direct all our comings and goings, all our fancies and reasonings, and can we never for a moment emancipate ourselves from his thralldom? I will do so for once, and visit the spot on which was born a man of genius."

And westward over the hills we galloped with light hearts, and I, for one, with a lighter purse. Clouds and vapors which early in the morning had threatened rain, had by that time all dispersed, and the country which had seemed beautiful before, became still more so as we advanced. It was a rich pastoral region,

with long reaches of cleared land stretching from right to left, with frequent herds of cattle, evidently of superior breeds; the farm-houses built of brick, the farms provided with barns capacious and substantial, and mostly painted red. The whole land was freshened by the recent rains, and resonant with the music of cow-bells. Ever and anon we passed through a small clump of forest which looked like the park of an English nobleman, so clear was it of underwood and so lordly was the girth of the trunks, with here and there a tree on the outskirts which had already commenced to assume the rich coloring of autumn.

One feature in the landscape pleased me particularly. On more than one occasion we observed standing in the middle of a pasture-field a fine old American elm, which had been permitted to grow with all its branches unpruned and un mutilated, the topmost boughs waving high in the air, and the lower ones hanging close to the earth, pendulous and graceful as those of a weeping-willow. The loss of the small fraction of an acre for farming purposes is in this case more than compensated by a rich spectacle of beauty as well as an increase of shade for the cattle.

Following the directions we had received, we proceeded to a house belonging to a Mr. Rinehart, who, we were told, married the daughter of a Mr. E——. On inquiry we found that the owner was on a visit to the State of Missouri, that he was one of the brothers of the sculptor, that his name was David, that the house before us was not the old homestead, that in order to arrive at the latter we should have to pass the residence of Captain Daniel R., another brother, and that the next farm belonged to Israel R., Jr., all sons of Israel Rinehart, Senior.

"Truly," I said to my companion, "we find ourselves among the children of Israel; and if not exactly a Holy Land, I am sure it is a land flowing in milk and honey."

"Of milk you may be sure," answered my companion, pointing to a herd of distant cattle, and journeying in the direction indicated.

Soon we passed in sight of the "blue house" of the Captain, a house built of brick and painted of a blueish color, and so snugly and beautifully situated that I was almost tempted to call at once and have an interview with the aged patriarch, who, we were told, lived there with his son. But second thoughts induced us to move onward, expecting to enjoy that pleasure afterwards. The road led us down towards a beautiful meadow, arriving at the outskirts of which we saw on one side of us a picturesque little building overgrown with vines, and on the other open sheds under which were blocks of marble and one or two men at work there. A noble-looking boy, with a fine open countenance and rosy cheeks, who was leading a horse through a gate, gave us upon inquiry all needful directions as to the nearest way to the "home-place."

"Your name is Rinehart?" said I, with a mark of interrogation in the tone of my voice. That was his name. "And pray what relation are you to the sculptor Rinehart who used to live in Italy?"

"He is my uncle, and he lives there now; and yonder is the house where he used to make tombstones." He pointed to the little house with its drapery of climbing vines. "And over there are the quarries where he got his tombstones from. Once a painter came here to take a picture of that house; his name was Dielman."

"And what," said I, "is the name of the stream that runs through the meadow?"

"Sam's Creek. On the other side of it is Carroll county, and on this side Frederick."

"I wish I knew the Indian name of that stream," I said to myself (not to the boy), as we thanked the little fellow for his information and rode onwards. "It must have an Indian name, I am sure," I added aloud to my companion; "and perhaps as sweet a name and as fine-sounding a one as Monocacy, or Catoctin, or Patuxent, or Tuscarora."

"Or Piscataway, or Wicomico, or Pocomoke, or Chicamiconico," added my companion; "or Picawaxen (where our moccasins were torn), or Potomac (the river-highway), or Occoquan (the cooking-ground), or Quepongo (the burnt pines), or Susquehanna (the stream with rapids), or Pasquahausa (where we go a-boating)."

"And pray where did you obtain so much Indian lore, I should like to know?"

"From Kurtz's *Farmers' Almanac* for the year of our Lord 1869."

"Do you recollect the meaning of Monocacy?"

"The river with many bends. Is not that appropriate? Some of these beautiful words, however, have been sadly corrupted. Port Tobacco, for instance, was originally Po-to-phac-o (the creek between the hills). But Sam's Creek, that sounds a *leetle* too mean for the name of a stream in sight of whose waves was born one of the greatest sculptors of America."

"Now place before it the word 'Uncle,'" I added, "and perhaps it will not sound quite so bad. U. S. Creek; how do you like that?"

Nearly as well as I like U. S. Grant, or rather I should say I could not possibly like it better."

"I coincide with you in opinion," answered I, "for then the stream, small as it is, would seem to belong to the whole United States; for well might any republic feel proud that *such* a man was born within her borders."

By this time we had arrived in sight of the residence of the younger Israel, which we found was not the veritable old homestead itself, but that it stood on the same spot of ground once occupied by the former. An adjacent spring had probably been the reason for its selection here, as in many other parts of Maryland, where propinquity to water is always preferred to picturesqueness of sight. All the surroundings are sheltered and secluded, as if intended by nature for the quiet pastoral nestling-place of a boy of genius. And here, far from cities or even villages, far removed from any great highway or crowded thoroughfare, passed the first nineteen or twenty years of the future sculptor, at first occupied in the labors of the farm, then for three weeks with a mason, then with a stonecutter, with whom he worked at the quarry above-mentioned for three years. It was this last occupation, no doubt, which first developed his latent capabilities for the plastic art. On the other side of the creek, and all through the meadow and up to the very house, we had noticed the "cropping out" of limestone. The whole country, far and near, seemed under-floored with it; and thus in the same locality nature had placed underground the rough material on which genius was to work, and above-ground the winged genius which was destined to mould that material into shape. The

hand which afterwards was to call into being forms of classic beauty from the finest Italian marble, was here first occupied in fashioning tombstones from quarries of a coarser consistence.

William H. Rinehart was born on the 13th of September 1825, about the time when the equinoctial rains usually begin to muster, and consequently ten day, before the sun enters Libra or the sign of the Balances nature thus prefiguring, according to my poor astrology, that after a brief season of storms and difficulties there was to ensue a well-balanced period of calm, to be followed by the beautiful month of October; and that again to be succeeded by the splendor of a glorious Indian Summer, that pleasant division of the year peculiar to America and so delightful to the artistic eye. The birthday of Jean Paul was on the Vernal Equinox, a coincidence to which he often makes allusion in his writings. Raphael's birthday and his death-day each occurred on Good Friday. Shakspeare was born on the day sacred to St. George, the patron saint of England, and died on the same anniversary. Newton was born on Christmas. These starting points and halting points of time, when they relate to men of genius, are to me extremely interesting and give rise to many reflections.

When we arrived at the home-place, brother Israel was out in the orchard picking apples. His wife, however, was at home, and entertained us for some time very agreeably. She is also the daughter of a Mr. E——, a circumstance which gave rise to the mistake above alluded to. When the husband arrived we found him lively, intelligent, and devotedly attached to his distinguished brother. He handed us apples and grapes,

the last of which we found more refreshing than the most costly wine would have been. He also showed us his fine healthy-looking children, one of whom was thought by the family strikingly to resemble the sculptor. He was also so kind as to show us a wide flat box filled with prints and pictures belonging to the sculptor. It also contained a small book of pencil sketches, perhaps his earliest efforts in that line. All these pictures had been either made or collected previous to his first residence in Italy; for twice has he visited that paradise of art, and twice has he returned to it, the first time to take up his abode in Florence, and the second in Rome, those two cities which to the artist are what Mecca and Medina are to the worshipper of Mahomet.

Of the engravings which I found in the box, the greater part were French; in the strained, theatrical style of that nation, and evidently calculated rather to mislead a young artist than to guide him in the right path. Thus a stream often meets with pebbles near its source, overleaping which it runs on all the smoother and purer on account of the conquered impediments. Among these prints, however, I noticed a few German ones of an entirely different character; solid and instructive, and calculated to give accurate information useful either to painter or sculptor. Several marked out with great distinctness the several parts of the human frame, and the relative proportion of one part to the other and of each to the whole. There was also an engraved copy of a painting by Raphael, which, though coarse in execution, must have been a rich treat to his young artistic eyes on account of the exquisite beauty of its conception and the inimitable grace of its

grouping. It was not the celebrated Madonna di San Sisto, of which so many copies are seen and the original of which hangs in Dresden; but though the same in subject, the mode of treatment was different. It was wonderfully sweet to me to meet with such a work of art in a secluded farm-house.

Among those early studies I noticed one, the subject of which was the exquisitely poetical fable of Diana Endymion, showing how soon in life he had evinced a love for themes taken from Grecian mythology. To appreciate the undying beauty of such themes, a mind like his needs neither Greek nor Latin. Not through the medium of language, not by the force of words does such an one take in their beauty and make it a part of his own being; but by means of pictures and statues whose images pass through the eye into the brain, and thence into his inmost soul. It is to be hoped that before he finishes his artistic career this great American sculptor may, as has been done by Canova, Thorwaldsen, and Dannecker, give us some fine, fresh glimpse into Hellenic mythology; something genuinely classic and yet different from anything that has yet been executed; some new view of Castor and Pollux on horse-back; some finer Cupid and Psyche than has yet been bodied forth; some brighter image of Hebe; some more captivating vision of the Argonauts voyaging in quest of the Golden Fleece.

Again mounting our horses, we retraced our way to the marble quarries. There we saw a gentleman seated under the shed whose face exhibited a marked likeness to the pictures of General Grant. Entering into conversation with him, we soon discovered that he was one of the brothers of the sculptor — Captain

R—— of the afore-mentioned “blue house.” He seemed to possess some of his brother’s talent for the fine arts, for we learned that he had once been a plasterer, and had turned his attention more to the decorative than to the plain workmanship of that business. He had designed and executed centre-pieces for ceilings and other ornaments belonging to the plastering of halls and chambers. He is the father of the fine-looking boy with whom we had held some parley in passing; and I thought to myself, when reflecting on the productions of the two brothers (the sculptor is unmarried), can it be possible that any marble boy ever fashioned by a Phidias or a Praxiteles; by a Megron or a Polycletus, could equal in beauty and attractiveness a real boy of living flesh and blood? To a father’s eye, certainly not; and still less so to the eye of a mother. Oh no! *she* would rather kiss away tears from the cheek of a living child than gaze upon the stone-cold smile of the loveliest form that sprang from the chisel of a Canova. But to the eyes of the art-world the marble boy would appear the finer. The fame of the marble boy, if of exquisite workmanship, would travel round the whole globe. Pictures and copies and plaster-casts of him would salute the eye in all galleries and museums; like those of the Greek Slave by Powers, or of Dannecker’s Ariadne. Like another Ganymede, he would be borne on angels’ wings into the heaven of poetical imagery, there to enjoy unfading youth and unaltered beauty evermore.

But before I could finish this long mental dialogue, in which so much might be said upon both sides, the Captain invited us round to examine the stone quarries. At present they furnish the material for door-sills,

marble tables, and the like. Compared with the marbles of Carrara or Pentelicus, they are certainly of coarse grain and possess but little beauty; but for certain purposes they are useful and serviceable. For myself, I felt more interest in the genius which first winged his way from among those dead stones.

"Captain Rinehart," said I, "permit me to relate to you a little anecdote which I have heard about your brother. You can perhaps tell me whether it is true or a mere figment of the imagination. A gentleman who six or eight years ago visited Rome, was invited to a party or festive gathering, composed principally of Italian and American sculptors, among the latter of whom was your brother. When the party commenced to be enlivened by good old Italian wine and boon companionship, each one was called upon to do something towards their further entertainment. Some sang, some told merry stories, some proposed riddles, some repeated verses. When your brother's turn came round, he advanced to the middle of the saloon, gave a loud whoop, and went through a number of Indian war-dances with such spirit and animation that all eyes were opened wide with astonishment. The corn-dance, the scalp-dance, and others, were executed with such effect, accompanied by their peculiar chants and whoops, that some of the police, startled by the noise, entered abruptly with the view of putting a stop to the disturbance. When some of the company explained to them briefly what was going on, they joined for a time the festive circle, and seemed as much entertained and delighted as the guests themselves. Can this be true, think you?"

"I don't doubt it for a moment," said the Captain,

as though brightening up with the recollection of by-gone scenes. "I have seen him go through those dances many a time when we were boys. He learned them from a man by the name of Sullivan, who had lived for many years among the Indians; and so keenly did he enter into the sport that he soon surpassed his teacher. On Sundays and holidays, when a number of us gathered together for amusement, he was always called upon for the war-dance, and myself for a Dutch sermon. Those were joyous times, sir. He was full of spirit, but it was only good-natured fun, which did nobody any harm, and served to enliven the quiet of the country."

Upon my remarking that I believed his brother was still unmarried, his reply was, "He is wedded to his art; I am sure he will never marry." To this I made no rejoinder at the time; but upon due reflection on the matter, I will venture the observation that on this particular subject it is never well to appear too certain. Benvenuto Cellini, after storming about the world for more than sixty years, submitted himself to the tonsure of a monk and entered a convent, with the intention of spending the remainder of his days in monastic seclusion; but soon growing weary of penance and celibacy, he threw off his hated cassock, got married to a handsome Florentine maiden, and died at the age of seventy, leaving three fine children behind him.

Possibly in the case under consideration, the Captain's opinion may prove the correct one. Some men love not over-much the squalling of children and the cares of a household. The life of an artist at Rome, whether he be sculptor, painter, or architect, must be a species of charmed existence which more than any other might

dispense with the endearments of domestic felicity. He comes into daily contact with the wealthy, the noble, and the powerful; and particularly is this the case if he have achieved for himself a reputation. He is surrounded with boundless treasures of art, both ancient and modern. To all these have now been superadded the pomps and gaities of a royal court. He cannot enter a church or convent, a palace or a suburban villa, without seeing masterpieces of sculpture and painting. And when the sickly season or the heats of summer render his abode at Rome no longer desirable, he journeys northward, shoots through a tunnel under the Alps, and soon finds himself in sight of the glaciers of Switzerland.

Such, I am told, is actually the life pursued by this gifted sculptor in the Eternal City. How different from the time when he whistled behind his father's plough, or drove a five-horse team seated upon a black wagon-saddle! And yet it cannot be altogether a life of fairy enchantment. Distinction, even when won, cannot be maintained without ceaseless effort. The candidate for fame, like the Alpine climber in Longfellow's poem, must inscribe on his banner the motto "Excelsior," and his pathway often conducts him into gelid regions where a whisper may loosen an avalanche. Rome swarms with rival artists from all nations of the world, most of whom are thirsting for fame, many of them envious, and not a few malignant. Cellini's career was one life-long grapple with difficulties. Michael Angelo, whilst a mere lad, had the bridge of his nose broken by a blow from the fierce Torrigiano, and bore the mark of it to his grave. Torrigiano himself, after a restless and stormy life, wandered into Spain,

where he was denounced by the Inquisition for impiety in having torn to pieces a statue of the Virgin which he had made for a Hidalgo who refused to pay him the price he demanded. He saved himself from an *auto-da-fe* by voluntary starvation. And if in our times men's passions seem to be under greater restraint, it by no means follows that their life-streams run much smoother. Your self-made man always has to master difficulties. Dannecker journeyed from Stuttgart to Paris on foot; on foot he journeyed from Paris to Rome. To complete any considerable statue either of bronze or marble, much time is required, much severe thought, much hard labor, and no small capital. Why, even a boy cannot finish his man of snow without the danger of frozen hands and a snow-balling from his companions; and if he fail, he has to bear their scoffs and sarcasms.

True; and if the little snow-sculptor endures some pain, is it not in most cases more than counterbalanced by pleasure? Is there not intense delight in grappling with the frost? Behold the smile on his lip, the roses on his glowing cheeks! The sports of the boy are a correct type of the labors of the man.

And so I am sure it has been with the brave German-hearted sculptor of whom we are writing. If ever in moments of despondency he has been heard to sing with the old artist in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*:

“ Who ne’er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne’er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers ”—

if ever, I say, he has sung this melancholy madrigal, I am sure the gloom has soon dispersed, and that he has

only to point to long lists of fine works conceived and executed by himself, to feel certain that he has not grappled with difficulties in vain.

These random interviews in field and wood, by stream and old stone-quarries, are my especial delight. The ceiling of a room, though a lofty one, seems on me to act as an extinguisher. Besides, the Captain's conversation was extremely interesting. He had been in all the battles of the Wilderness, and several subsequent ones, and had passed unscathed through them all. And as he stood with his fine manly form and Grant-like face in bold relief before the almost perpendicular wall of marble which arose behind him, and as with the modest and unassuming tone of a true soldier he told us what he had seen and borne a part in, and when with honest pride he mentioned occasions when it had been his good fortune to approach the greatest General of the age and speak with him and shake him by the hand, I longed to possess a photograph which should perpetuate the person and the scene.

Again our conversation turned on the absent one. "He must by this time," I said, "have amassed quite a fortune."

Mark how the almighty dollar somehow or other *will* pop up and show his paper face and beautiful green back, even at times and seasons when we most wish to keep him out of sight!

"He spends," answered the Captain, "as freely and rapidly as he makes. In order to keep abreast with the other sculptors of Rome, he is obliged to live expensively. Then his summer excursions through Switzerland and Germany consume large sums of money.

Next summer he intends to return to this country, principally in relation to his statue of Judge Taney. He will also bring with him a bust of my mother which we are all of us very eager to see."

"Behold," I thought to myself, although I spoke it not aloud to the Captain, "behold a pleasing trait in this man's character! In the midst of all his orders from rich men and English noblemen; in the midst of all his designs, classical, historical and allegorical; in the midst of these grand works each one of which will cost its thousands, he devotes all his best skill towards perpetuating a memorial of his beloved mother, for which he will be paid only by the thanks of his relatives and his own consciousness of having performed a pious duty."

The almighty dollar hid his ugly green back and dirty paper face, and appeared not again during the rest of the interview.

"I believe," I continued, "I have seen your brother on but three occasions in my life. The first must have been some six-and-twenty years ago, whilst he was working with Mr. Baughman, a stone-cutter in Baltimore. He was then a very young man, modest and unassuming, who seemed intent on work, and but little inclined to talk. Mr. B. had observed in him the germs of genius, and had fitted up for his particular use a studio removed from the common workshop of the establishment. There I found him silently employed in *making himself*,—an operation which is more important to a young man than that of making anything else. The second interview was several years later, and took place after his return from his first visit to Italy. He had grown to be a fine-looking man, ex-

tremely pleasing in manners and very fluent in speech. I noticed particularly that peculiar vitality about the expression of his eyes which indicates great energy, and usually I think prefigures length of days. He was occupying as a temporary studio a large room in the upper story of a building on Baltimore Street, at the far end of which he was standing near a front window. But few objects were around him: I recollect only three, viz., a sea-shell, an Indian bow, and some modeling-clay. The shell was finely curved and fluted, and seemed to be a favorite object of study with him. He called my attention to Nature's exquisite carving, lining and chiseling, held it up in different positions, examined it from different points of view, and seemed never to be tired of contemplating its curious structure. Upon my asking him some questions about his art, he explained to me with great clearness and fluency each successive stage in the process of finishing a statue, such as the modeling it in wax or clay, the casting it in plaster, the rough-hewing the block of marble, the giving the last touches and polish to the surface. Of these different operations the first and last mentioned are the most delicate, and must be performed by the sculptor himself; the intermediate ones may be done by common stone-cutters or subordinate workmen, of whom there is a great abundance in Italy.

“‘As to modeling,’ he added, ‘I can show you in an off-hand way the manner in which that is managed;’ and then severing a small lump of clay from the general mass, he worked it about for a minute or two in his hands, and said quickly ‘Here goes.’

“And then commenced for me a spectacle which had

all the interest of the most attractive novelty. Instantly, as if impelled by some sudden inspiration, his fingers began to move with wonderful grace and rapidity; his eyes flashed fire; the amorphous lump of clay, as if by magic, began to assume shape and beauty. Ever finer grew the shape; ever more perfect the beauty; ever more gracefully moved the plastic fingers, until in a space of time incredibly short for so delicate and difficult an operation, the model was finished, the creation was complete; out sprang a perfect crested head of Minerva. Thus, in full armor, as old Homer tells us, leaped the goddess from the head of Jupiter, called into the world by a blow from the axe of Vulcan. *I* saw her spring into existence from the hands of a young American sculptor, and I shall always look back upon it as one of the most interesting incidents of my life. I am only sorry I did not beg your brother to make me a present of it on the spot."

The Captain smiled and seemed pleased that I should have viewed his brother's expertness with so much admiration. And this calls to my memory a passage in the life of Michael Angelo, which being short may prove not unacceptable to the reader, as it evinces the same kind of enthusiastic rapidity in *chiseling* on the part of the Florentine which so much delighted me in the *modeling* of the American sculptor. It was written by an eye-witness, and runs thus:

"I may say that I have seen Michael Angelo at work after he had passed his sixtieth year, and although he was not very robust, he cut away as many scales from a block of very hard marble in a quarter of an hour as three young sculptors would have effected in three or four — a thing almost incredible to

one who had not actually witnessed it. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labor that I almost thought the whole work must have gone to pieces. With a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers' thick, and so close upon his mark that had he passed it, even in the slightest degree, there would have been danger of his ruining the whole."

"And your third meeting with my brother?" asked the Captain.

"Was a few months later, under my own roof."

"Yes, I have heard him speak of it. He was in company with his friend, Mr. Francis Mayer, was he not?"

"Even so: and the gentleman you mention may well be called his friend. Not an atom of envy or jealousy appeared to exist between them. Each seemed to admire the other's particular art more than that which he himself practised. It was beautiful to see them together."

"It was indeed," answered the Captain.

"So they two spent a night under my roof-tree. One had travelled among the Indians, the other had resided in Italy; both had already produced noteworthy works of art. One possessed the power of fashioning intractable marble into life-like form and attitudes; the other could make his conceptions visible on the canvas. I own an engraving from one of the pictures of Mr. Mayer which I value highly, both on account of its subject and its handling. It is called 'The Thunder-dance of the Dacotahs.' A part of the ceremony consists in Indian warriors riding full tilt and in full costume round a wide circle, inside of which are tents and

dancers. It is founded upon one of those Indian myths which to me are even more interesting than the classic ones of ancient Greece. I hope your brother will some day embody some of them in sculpture. To one who can execute the war-dance with such spirit, and who loves to work with an Indian bow and arrow beside him, such subjects must possess much fascination."

"I am sure of it," answered the Captain.

"Fortunately for the entertainment of my artistic visitors, I had in my house a copy of Flaxman's Illustrations of Dante. These partake somewhat of the nature both of sculpture and drawing, inasmuch as the clear outlines of figures are given without shading. As the work is not very common, it became an attractive object of study to both of them. It would be well for every man to have as many objects of art in his house as possible; such as pictures, statues, stereoscopic photographs, and the like. If he is not wealthy enough to possess the originals, it is a great satisfaction to own good copies in the form of engravings, plaster-casts, or representations of celebrated edifices in cork. Even rough wood-cuts of some world-renowned work of art are not without their charm. I happened to have one which pleased your brother extremely, because it called vividly to his recollection a masterpiece of sculpture he had seen in Italy."

"What was it?" asked the Captain.

"Giovanni di Bologna's marble group of the forcible abduction of the Sabine women. I wish you could see the original. It consists of three figures which rise one above the other by three successive gradations, so that in viewing it the eye mounts as it were by three consecutive steps; and all three carved, life size, out of a

single block of marble. The lowest figure is that of an old bearded warrior, apparently thrown on his knees and looking upwards. The middle one, standing over the first, is that of a warrior in the prime of youthful vigor, bearing a Sabine maiden in his arms as though her weight were like that of a feather. The third figure—”

“Is of course,” said the Captain, “that of the maiden herself.”

“Yes, and she seems even younger than the youth who is bearing her off. She is a perfect model of female symmetry, and hangs as it were poised on his left shoulder, stretching out both arms as if crying for help. Her limbs are both tapering and rounded. Thus by three well-marked stages the eye travels up from old to young, from young to younger, from heavy to light, from light to lighter. It is like viewing the base, shaft, and capital of a fine Corinthian column. The old man is brawny and muscular; the young one agile and lithe; the maiden buoyant and graceful. I agreed with your brother at the time that nothing finer in its way can be found in Italy, or perhaps in the world. I say in its way, because some eyes are displeased with the perfectly nude, however well executed; and on this account many prefer Canova’s Venus to the celebrated Venus de Medicis.”

The Captain then spoke of one of his brother’s works, the subject of which was a child falling to sleep on the margin of a stream in which she had been dropping flower after flower until overcome with slumber.

Such was the substance of our talk beside those old marble-quarries. Upon his kindly inviting us to his residence, I again had to admire the beauty of the site and the

graceful picturesqueness of all the surroundings. Seated in the parlor I examined the old family Bible, from which I copied a record of the birth of him on whose account I had made the pilgrimage. The Captain then showed me a photograph of his company taken whilst they were stationed at Culpepper in Virginia. Forty-four were all that remained of the full number ; before the war closed they had dwindled down to twenty. He also called my attention to a photograph of the sculptor taken many years since I had last seen him: His personal appearance, though fine before, seemed to me to have improved during the interval. Sculptors are, I think, apt to be long-lived ; at least it would seem so from their biographies. And as a tendency to longevity is well known to be inherited, the gentleman concerning whom we have been writing stands a fair chance in that particular. His father is now seventy-eight, and for the last seven years has enjoyed finer health than he did for twenty years previous. The mother also lived to a good old age. We saw her photograph hanging above some beautiful butterflies, emblems among the ancient Greeks of the human soul. These were carefully prepared and placed in handsome frames ; and as I admire objects of nature when used as parlor ornaments, I was particularly pleased with the sight of them. It seemed to me that the likeness of the mother of the family hung there in very good company. Her maiden name was Snader. I was struck with the breadth and fine formation of her forehead. No doubt her marble bust by the son will be precious not only as a memorial but as a work of art.

In returning home, my companion and myself were for a second time struck by an object which earlier in

the day had attracted our attention. Near the door of a small house stood a pear-tree which was loaded with fruit, and at the same time with a profusion of *bllossoms*. This may be a sight which is not of infrequent occurrence, but one which neither of us had before witnessed.

"Behold," I said, "what appears to be a fit type of the genius whose birth-place we have been visiting. His statues and busts already produced are the fruit; but fresh blossoms hang at the same time on the boughs, and others will bloom next spring, and still more and more fruit will come to maturity autumn after autumn. So may it turn out. Do you know what I should like to see him engaged upon? I will tell you. On a statue of Christopher Columbus."

"And how," said my companion, "would you like to see him represented?"

"On the deck of the vessel on which he discovered a new world—at least so the spectator should be led to imagine—and at that point of time when he first caught sight of land. And on the four sides of the base or pedestal should be bas-reliefs depicting four of the principal events of the great navigator's life."

ARIADNE.

Lost in the cold gray twilight,
Alone in the midnight deep,
My anguished soul is fettered
By a hideous nightmare sleep ;
By the fever-haunted horror
That walks with my vagrant dreams,
Hand in hand,
In a blasted land,
Where never the morning gleams.

Far off in the black remoteness
A sweet voice calls to me,
And I hear in the tempest's sullen surge
The murmur of the sea ;
And a dim mirage arises ;
The tall palms beckon and shine,
Steeped in the balm
Of eternal calm,
And fringed with the rolling brine.

But ever athwart the midnight,
And the twilight's ghastly glare,
The sorrowful grace of *a banished face*
Leans out of the fathomless air ;
And my spirit writhes in torment
Under the weird dark eyes :
The vain desire
That feeds the fire
Of the worm that never dies.

And soft in the west wind's whisper,
And sweet in the south wind's moan,
I hear forever the echo
Of an unforgotten tone :
Low, and tender, and thrilling,
It plains in the silence dim :
 " Ah, never again ! "
 Like the sad refrain
Of a wailing funeral hymn.

And I know by the sleepless longing,
The fever of vain regrets,
That mine is the love that eternally loves,
And the sorrow that never forgets :
And oh ! for the thwarted purposes,
And woe ! for the squandered years ;
 For the burden and crosses,
 The needs and the losses,
That are written in woman's tears.

Worn with the fruitless anguish
Of the wasting canker, Care,
What is there left of the shipwrecked years
But to fly from my long despair ?
And hoarse on the spectral silence
Comes up a wild sea-roar :
 The foam and dash,
 And the torrent crash
Of waves on a beaten shore.

And out of the mist and darkness
The sweet voice calls to me : .
He comes — my blue-eyed Theseus,

My tawny-haired King of the Sea.
And down from the wild white Northland
The fetterless gales are hurled,
 That shall bear us afar,
 Under storm and star,
To the azure rim of the world.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

CHOLULA; OR, THE INDIAN SIBYL.

A BALLAD.

Captain John Smith, in giving an account of the Indians of Virginia, in a work published in 1584, says, in the quaint language and uncouth spelling of his day: "In each eare they have commonly three great holes, whereat they hung chaines, bracelets or copper. Some of the men weare in these holes, a small green and yellow-coloured snake, about halfe a yarde in length, which, crawling and lapping itselfe about his necke, oftentimes familiarly would kiss his lippes," &c. These snakes probably belonged to that harmless kind of which many examples are found in each hemisphere. La Cepede tells us of a green and yellow viper which "allows itself to be twisted round the arms or neck, without showing any symptoms of anger. It seems even pleased to be thus teased and played with by its masters. The smallness of its size, the beauty of its colors, the gentleness of its motions, and the innocence of its disposition, inspire the Indians with a fondness for it." Notwithstanding such high authority, however, I cannot help thinking that there is a natural and instinctive dread of and aversion to the whole serpent tribe which can never be completely overcome.

SHE whom the new moon saw as bride
 Was widow in that same moon's wane;
 Her heart's first love in battle died;
 Cholula never smiled again.

An hour she sat without a tear
 Beside the stiffened corpse, I ween;

Then slowly from each clay-cold ear
She took a snake of vivid green.

Cholula's ears have rosy tips,
From which hang pearl and precious stone ;
"These now," she cried, "must feel eclipse ;
My ear-rings now be snakes alone.

"Come, coil about my heaving heart,
Come, nestle in this long black hair ;
And where my lips prophetic part,
Red, quivering serpent-tongues be there."

Then oft along the dizzy verge
Of that tall bridge by Nature reared,
She sang her hero's funeral dirge,
'Midst wailing winds and echoes weird.

Oft to Weyer's magic cave she hies,
Where heave tall shaft and crystal spar,
And onward there, with Sibyl-eyes,
Without a torch she wanders far.

Sorrow had sharpened so her sight,
The future on her vision breaks,
And thronging red men with affright
View that young Sibyl with her snakes.

For who would press the lips, though red,
Where toying serpents have been seen,
Or who caress the lovely head
Round which those tangled coils have been ?

By Shenandoah long she roams,
And by Potomac's broader tide,
Till plunging where his cataract foams
Adown the cliff, Cholula died.

THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

CLOSING ENTERTAINMENT.

IRVING, in his *Life of Washington*, tells us of a famous Indian chief named Montour. This chieftain flourished in Colonial times, and led his warriors into the fight when Washington was but a Virginia Colonel, and Braddock, sent by George II., came over to the "backwoods of Maryland and Pennsylvania" to drive the French from their strongholds on the banks of the Ohio.

Now it happens that in the town of Westminster, Carroll county, Maryland, we have a hotel bearing the name of this famous chieftain Montour; but whether *this* hotel was so named because of the admiration of its owner for this noted Indian, or because, as tradition has it, that on one occasion while he was journeying through Pennsylvania, weary and travel-worn, he stopped at an inn named Montour, and found as cheery a welcome as did Tom Smart of *Pickwick* memory, and determined in a philanthropic spirit to provide as pleasant a home for the traveller in his own town of Westminster, I cannot tell; nor is it material at this moment what reason induced the building or the naming of the "Montour House." The legend is introduced only for the sake of history. Well, in the town aforesaid as the lawyers say, and at the hotel aforesaid, named as aforesaid, and possibly for one of the reasons aforesaid, or for some other reason — who knows? — convened on the evening of the ninth day of June, 1871, the

"ADDISON REUNION."

This Association, whose object is to blend a social with

a literary recreation, though having its origin but a few months ago in the minds of a small number of enthusiasts who felt the necessity of an organisation as a stimulant to their development, has already grown and prospered much beyond the original ideas of its founders. Its salutary influence in our city has not only been seen but felt. The fact of its being composed of ladies as well as gentlemen has given it a popularity that it would not otherwise have attained; for the clannish "clubs" of the one and the "Sorosis" of the other sex, are both oftentimes the subjects of severe criticism; but who could object to a "circle" whose doors are thrown open to the meritorious of both sexes, where the sparkling wit and the keen repartee, as also the learned dissertation, find their applauding echoes in the heart? Such was the general favor in which this Association was held that its closing entertainment for the summer was the favorite theme in the quiet town for weeks before the grand event was to come off. We were kindly sent an invitation, and as it is our motto in life never to miss a good thing when not offered grudgingly, we determined at once to accept it. Of course there were many flutterings in the heart-region ere the eventful evening arrived; but at last it *did* come, and our enthusiasm was at its height.

On our arrival at the scene of the festivities, we were met by the Reception Committee, consisting of a couple of gay Addisonians, one of whom pointed out to us the sacred apartment where the *angelic* portion of the company remove their wraps, shake out their flowing draperies, smooth their ringlets, and adjust their bracelets, or in other words, are supposed to try their wings before pluming them for flight to the draw-

ing-room. Another took possession of our escort and hurried him off to a room just opposite. As the door opened for a moment to admit him, we caught a glimpse of the interior which amused us exceedingly. There were a number of gentlemen assembled, to all appearances for the purpose of undergoing martyrdom. Some were pacing the floor with the look of men about to be led to instant execution; some were tugging at their neckties or jerking down their vests in the vain hope of presenting an unwrinkled front to the company; others stood staring at themselves in the glass, while others still were secretly practising a killing look or two, intended for the wholesale slaughter of the unsuspecting fair ones below. One group stood near the door talking loudly and laughing themselves red in the face at airy nothings.

But this uncomfortable state of things could not last long. Several of the most miserable left the room and waited modestly in the hall. Out fluttered a bevy of belles on the instant, and were convoyed off to the parlor. This was repeated several times, and then lively sounds, soft laughter, and the subdued murmur of conversation, mingled with sweet —

“Notes from a tender piano up-flung” —

came floating up the stair and stirred the hearts of the listeners. We had remained longer than was necessary to see what was to become of three fair creatures who were beginning to wonder at the delay of their gallants; but at last we too descended and made our way to the *salon*, leaving the ladies above-mentioned in a state of impatient anxiety, to say the least of it. A few minutes elapsed, when there was a sound of suppressed

laughter in the hall, and with eyes brimming over with mischief and cheeks dimpling roguishly, the three damsels tripped into the room and were soon provided with seats. In a very short time it was buzzed about that their escorts had consumed a full half-hour in their own dressing-room; and the impatient belles, fired with the independent spirit of the age, determined to brave the ordeal of joining the company unattended. Now every eye was directed towards the entrance. The grand entrée of the delinquents was momentarily looked for. At last a sound of footsteps was heard without—a considerable coughing, with every now and then a whisper covered by a severe clearing of the throat in a deep bass; the bachelors were evidently meditating a desertion; but one, bolder than the rest, proposed the charge, and in they marched with grave countenances and irreproachable neck-ties, yet withal much disconcerted to discover their ladies quite at their ease and already surrounded by a host of attendants. After the amusement occasioned by this little episode had subsided, and a short interval more was consumed in the usual chatting and exchanging of congratulations among friends, the worthy and efficient President of the “Reunion” arose with the announcement that the programme on this their last meeting for the season was not to differ materially from the others, but that the objects of the Association were to be remembered by a judicious intermingling of the literary with its social elements; whereupon he introduced a gentleman who gave us a recitation in his own effective style, entitled “Drifting.” The poem was familiar to many of us, but never had it seemed more beautiful than on that occasion.

The thrilling, musical voice of the speaker rang out clearly in some passages, and in others sank to a whisper full of feeling and pathos. This effort was succeeded by the reading of one of Mrs. Browning's exquisite poems, "Crowned and Wedded." It was enjoyed to the full by the "Circle," all of whom felt reverently that no selection could have better suited the sweet young reader, herself so like unto Mrs. Browning's ideal of a most womanly woman. The finest compliment that could have been paid the reading was the perfect silence, the pause of full appreciation that followed for a moment, but for a moment only, for almost immediately it was announced, that Dr. —, a visitor, would entertain the society with a piece from Saxe. His selection was "Early Rising," a spicy little thing, and read inimitably. An expression of keen approbation, in which the worthy President heartily joined, followed the close of this admirably rendered production.

A few minutes were spent in music and conversation, when a brilliant little lady rose and read the following "Rhyme" to the President: —

Lo! Dr. Charles calls to his aid,
His verse to read, a fair young maid,
Hoping from other lips to get
The unction that it lacked as yet.
Dear Dr. Charles, thou canst not spare
From off thy head one lock of hair!
And much we fear this awful strain
Upon thy locks and on thy brain;
For oh! the labor must be great
Such awful satire to create!

Look at thy brow's unseemly lines,
And cease, I pray, thy wondrous rhymes.
How many smiles then, may I ask,
Gives "Not-a-Bit" for thy hard task?
A kiss, *unstolen* though it be,
Would surely prove a well-earned fee.
A fainting maid thou wouldst not scare,
For often in thy dental chair
Thou seest such sights, and on thy arm
Reclines the fair without alarm.
It is thy business, at thy ease,
To give the dears a gentle squeeze.
And he who, without slightest ruth
Extracts a fair one's pearly tooth,
Would never run from fainting girl,
E'en though she voted him a churl.

Last Monday night I scarcely knew
How soon I'd have to challenge you;
I thought, this rhyme I'll make him rue:
Will swords or pistols better do?
But to my mind there lately came
A thought of much more peaceful frame;
How Luna (for 'twas through *her* aid
His muse inspired the fainting raid)—
How Luna *changed* awhile ago,
And *stole away his wits*, you know.
A moon-struck bard we'll let him stand,
The spooniest champion in the land.

This was read in spirited style, and occasioned much merriment

Immediately following this came "The Mitraillease,"

a poem well-named, for it poured forth indiscriminately its shot, both grape and canister, upon the defenceless heads of the Addisonians.

THE MITRAILLEUSE.

SWEET Zephyrus, dallying 'mid the woven gloom
And light, shakes down the locust's bland perfume ;
Dropping a sudden shower of scented snow
Beneath the careless feet that trip below,
As with blithe jest, and laughter ringing clear
Like fairy bells upon the charmed ear,
Gay groups of youths and maidens wend their way,
Gorgeously clad in fashion's rich array,
Whither beneath the night's auspicious star
The new Parnassus beckons from afar.
Fair belles and brave gallants are gathered soon,
Safe from the prying of the envious moon,
To quaff the draught from springs Pierian drawn,
Watched by the classic shade of Addison,
Some by Ambition's burning thirst are won
To sip the fabled wave of Helicon ;
Some pant to show their versatility,
And some the chignon's latest agony ;
Some by insatiate dreams of conquest led,
Make haste to the Olympian banquet spread,
Where Cupid aids grave Pallas to control
" The feast of Reason and the flow of Soul ; "
A few their most becoming suits to air,
And all because the beaux and belles are there.

Upon the Jovian front Time's treacherous hand
With ruthless wrinkles scarcely dares to brand,
Genius and *Wit* and varied *Wisdom* blent,

Mark for their own our august *President*.
Smooth, jingling rhymes are *his* especial point ;
And though the *sense* limps lamely, out of joint,
His practised metres happily agree
And trick the ear with pleasant euphony.
Jealous of his prerogative of fame,
The Bard with "D. D. S." tacked to his name,
Flings his defiant challenge to the air,
And makes *his own* the quarrels of the fair.

On his demoralised Pegasus borne,
Minus a wing of pristine mettle shorn.
Empyrean flights his humorous fancies dare,
And smite with caustic wit that scorns to spare
The bold aspirant who in self-defence
Takes up the brittle lance of weak "pretence,"
Whilst *owning* his is *not* the poet's part,
Nor is he skilled in Cupid's subtle art ;
And though his feeble muse, grown rash, essay
To point a moral or adorn a lay,
Like the vain bird whose hundred Argus eyes
Guard the bower of Juno from surprise.

While balmy dreams weighed down her eye-lids sweet,
His pride falls when he "scans his clumsy feet."
Perchance, when *Charles* his 'prentice hand essayed
To steal the thunders of the Bardic trade,
The Fates were kind, or else the critics few,
And so the *callow* poetaster grew,
Changing somewhat the oft-repeated rule
To spare the novice and to spoil the fool.
A warning word, e'en to the super-wise
Puffed up with vain pretention, may suffice :

Delays are dangerous, and woman's heart
Will oft elude the angler's subtlest art.
Learn, Doctor, from past failure to beware,
Nor pin your faith upon the fickle fair ;
Lest while, as erst, your precious self-conceit
Chains you in dalliance at your idol's feet,
A readier hand the golden prize enclose,
And bear it off, beneath your very nose.

Place aux dames ! (our threadbare French excuse)
Room for the peerless maid, the modern Muse.
Like Luna stooping from an envious cloud,
She dawns on us, poetic, pale, and proud.
Emma the blonde, a perfect honey " B,"
Whose barbed wit and ready repartee,
Though breathed by ruby lips, too oft disclose
The stinging *thorn* beneath the lovely rose.
Though she abjures the aid of fashion's wiles,
And trusts alone to *nature's* lavish smiles,
Yet nature's laws by *vanity* transgressed,
Rebel, and lo ! the petty fraud confessed.
Believe, fair " E," man's highest homage lends
Unnumbered charms to her who *least pretends* ;
Nor is his deepest admiration based
On the *slight* tenure of a tortured waist.
Mild, womanly, well versed, but not *too* wise,
Her modest worth is talent's sweetest guise ;
Content the lot of *one* she deigns to share,
Nor burns a thousand conquered hearts to wear.

Lo ! where the " dead-heads " most do congregate,
The Thespian Queen keeps her imperial state.
The facile Emma G——, whose soul of fire

Thrills to the numbers of the tragic lyre ;
Who chains her shuddering audience, in brief,
With phrenzied bursts of "*Maniac*" mirth and grief,
Or, sportive grown, anon, and debonnaire,
Pours forth the woes of "*Caudle*" to the air.
When *first* she glitters on our dazzled eyes,
Like some strange, gorgeous Bird of Paradise,
Mute with expectancy we pause to hear
The witching strains born of another sphere ;
Till, soft : the rosy lips uncloze, and — well ?
Some jarring *discord* snaps the magic spell.
The vision proves, upon a nearer view,
A vain, pretentious, noisy cockatoo.

With saucy smiles, and ribbons all awry,
Mirth in her face, defiance in her eye,
Her Parthian shafts too oft at random flung,
Our Mollie shines, the championess of tongue.
Her ruddy locks proclaim her temperament,
A spice of sugar with much acid blent,
Smart, shrewd, and pungent ; yet her errors spoil
Her native grace. Too indolent to toil
With head or hand, truth bids the critic tell
Her faults are many, but become her well.

"Sweets to the sweet !" The gentle Fiddes takes
The floor. His perturbed soul within him quakes ;
Beneath the battery of sweet Carrie's eyes
The last poor remnant of his courage dies —
As once, when spiteful Fortune, haply blind,
A maiden to his tender care consigned,
A sudden terror winged his eager feet,
He fled, and left her beauless *in the street* !

But gallant *Newson* rallies to his aid,
Bids him take heart, nor be so much afraid,
The while with modest rivalry he tries
To win approval from sweet *Carrie's* eyes.

Blind to the wiles that would his heart ensnare,
His "dreamful eyes" fixed in a vacant stare,
His wits befogged in "*Drifting*" "*Clouds*" and mists,
Behold the *prince of elocutionists* !
Perchance the "Raven" he evokes may deign
To change the burden of his weird refrain,
And in the tickled ear of *Tommie C*——
Prophetic croak the magical "*D. D.*"

Arnet and *Hall*, the famous charioteers,
Who late convoying home two pretty dears,
With skill eccentric strewed the "*Appian Way*"
With frightened *girls*, instead of rose and bay.

The handsome *George* — he is a handsome man ;
Deny it, envious rivals, if you can ;
Oft hath his chosen friend, *the mirror*, shown
That stalwart grace and beauty are his own.
But *George* has faults, in common with his kind,
Pampers the flesh at the expense of *mind*,
Is fickle, vain, and prone to cultivate
His *moustache*, while his *brains* are forced to wait.

Now, last and least, the virtuous *Weller's* claim
To notice, though his most illustrious *name*
The Muse may not ignore. His chiefest merit,
She must confess, lies in his plucky spirit.
Though he enjoys a jest, however rude, .
If at another's cost, his jovial mood

With sudden spleen and gusty anger burns
When 'gainst himself the shaft of satire turns.
Like the immortal "Sam," he shines content
With lustre borrowed from our President,
The valorous champion, whom henceforth we dub
The doughty "*Pickwick*" of our social club!

This reading occasioned quite an excitement among the unfortunates battered and bruised so unmercifully in this their first "baptism of fire." They attacked the poet in a body, and after a gallant charge fairly captured his literary artillery, thus placing him, as they fondly imagined, *hors du combat* for the balance of the evening. But they had "reckoned without their host," for repairing with his wounds to a fair little maiden who shall be nameless, she bound them so tenderly that he recovered sufficiently to fire a perfect fusillade of "small arms" at the supper-table, in the form of speeches, toasts, &c.

Supper being announced, the gay throng repaired to the large dining-hall of the hotel, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. Some genii had evidently been at work, and the effect was magical. Flowers in profusion were "expanding their light and soul-like wings." A floral pyramid rose grandly in the centre of the table; tender leaves and trailing vines were clinging everywhere, their brilliant hues heightened by the flood of gas-light pouring upon them from the numerous chandeliers.

But my pen fails me when I attempt to describe the rare delicacies that were here collected. The snowy creams and glittering ices mingled harmoniously with the golden cake, and added to a scene that was already

one of exquisite beauty and taste. *Bon bons* were as plentiful as *bon-mots* became later in the evening; whilst iced lemonade and chocolate proved excellent substitutes for the ruby wine that is considered so essential a feature to the success of most of our popular entertainments.

After full justice had been accorded the edibles, preparations were commenced for a "feast and flow" of *another* kind, inaugurated by the President, who, rising, reviewed briefly the origin and progress of the Association, welcomed us all heartily to its festive board, and closing with an eloquent tribute to the ladies, called for the first regular toast of the evening. This was proposed by one of the most "Joe"-vial members of the Circle:

"THE ADDISON REUNION.

"May the interest of its members, and the popularity of the Reunion, like the fame and the virtue of the illustrious Addison, never grow less. Believing that he did a noble work in his age, in giving modesty and delicacy to English wit, let us strive in our weekly reunions to emulate his refining example."

To this sentiment the author of "The Mitrailleuse," after an appropriate salutation, made the following reply:

"It is proper in replying to this toast, at this our first closing entertainment, to allude to the inauguration of our Society. The want of such means of enjoyment had been felt here for some time, and various attempts had, we believe, previously been made, but with indifferent or no success. During the latter part

of the winter, a few ladies, known I believe to all of you, started this enterprise, and it is due mainly to their energy and perseverance that the Association has been successfully inaugurated. And just here, while on the subject of ladies, permit me to say that I am very apt, if not careful, to commit some extravagances; for somehow or other my imagination runs riot, and I feel like growing eloquent, and calling on moon and stars and rainbows, and everything beautiful and lovely in nature, for parallels. But I regret to add that I usually end, both in speech and acts, in saying little and doing less.

“Our meetings, which at first were slimly attended, soon became more popular, and the interest up to our last regular meeting was steadily increasing. In fact, I think every member will bear testimony that its meetings are looked forward to with great pleasure. In referring thus to our past gatherings, I hope every one will feel great reason to be encouraged to enter with renewed zeal, the coming autumn, into our pleasant literary and social entertainments, so that in the future it may be a source of pride and gratification to have been one of the original members of the ‘Addison Reunion.’ You have done yourselves honor, ladies and gentlemen, in coupling the name of the gifted Addison with your Association. In naming this society the ‘Addison Reunion,’ you have taken one of England’s purest and best literary characters; one who did more to elevate and purify the standard of literature than any one of his age, and whose writings to-day are sought eagerly by those who appreciate high-toned moral productions. In conclusion, allow me to commend for your example the writings and precepts

of this brilliant author; for if among the literati of the past there is one who feels sufficient interest in us to take an unbidden though welcome seat around our board to-night, and preside over our festivities, none so likely as the immortal author of the *Spectator*."

Next in the order of the evening's programme, the ladies' favorite himself arose, and in his most languid style, and with his sweetest lisp, said:

"The duty which has been assigned me to-night of proposing a toast to the ladies of our Society, is so important and so much beyond my feeble abilities, that I sincerely wish for your sakes it had fallen to the lot of some more competent member to discharge. If I only felt able to do justice to so fine a subject, I should be proud of this opportunity of showing my appreciation of these bright spirits, who have draped themselves in paniers and other millinery for our special benefit and delight, that we may not take them to be angels and so fear to approach them at all.

"But, thus invested, we venture to share their company; and I only wish it was in my power to say what I feel as to the constant source of pleasure that company of the ladies is to us coarser and rougher creatures. In every relation of life, what would we be without the ladies? At home, at the dry-goods store, at the festival, in the sick chamber, and in the ball-room; by moon-light alone, or by day-light in the crowd, they soften our tempers, relax our purse-strings, soothe our aching hours, refine our manners, and make us fall in love. But I must not forget that I am not to talk about the sex in general, but about those fair members of it whose presence has been the charm

of the meetings of our Association, and who grace this festive board with bright eyes and good appetites.

"There are many literary circles or reading societies composed only of men, or only of ladies; and the wonder with me is how such a stupid arrangement ever succeeds. If a reading circle composed exclusively of ladies confine its exercises entirely to poetry, and if one composed exclusively of gentlemen confine its exercises to prose, I can see some propriety in the matter. But literature is made up of prose and poetry; and it is the great good fortune of our Society that we combine the two in splendid harmony. We, the male members, furnish the prose element; you, the ladies, are ever before us, the living, breathing embodiment of poetry. I therefore beg to propose as my toast —

"THE LADIES OF THE ADDISON REUNION.

"Without them we should be like David Copperfield without his Agnes Wickfield."

This was replied to *con spirito* by a fair one, in the following choice terms:

"*With many voices in one* to-night, I speak in acknowledgment of the *loyal toast* given to the ladies of the 'Addison Reunion,' proposed by one of her most "REESE-erved" members, and drank by all of her worthy *Bards*. We feel that 'where much is *given*, much is *required*.' But we pray that from these weaker vessels, ye lords of wondrous magnanimity will *require* but a *jot or tittle* of all that you deserve, and of all that we feel.

"The fear of success in his great duty need not have troubled the gentle-man of the toast; for had he not

seen proper to wreath the name of woman with *immortelles* of priceless worth, as he did, our high appreciation of just the slightest confession from his sex would have made us prize very much only a *daisy wreath* of esteem. But as it came so full and plenty, we accept it, and will keep it for a time of famine.

"Imagination has much to do with actual feeling; and though our festooned paniers may seem to forbid the idea of their being *angelic* vestments, yet to add a feeling of great beauty to the Association which you seem already to so much prize, could you not be persuaded, although the *rushing* you would have as a proof comes not, that the *bustling* which their draping folds beautify is a 'thing of beauty and a joy forever,' and that it is not of the *earth earthy*, therefore *might* be called '*wings*.'

"We, like the gentleman of the toast, wish it were within our power to say what we feel as to the source of pleasure we find in the society of the gentlemen of the 'Addison Reunion.' The ladies need not blush and murmur at this confession. If the gentlemen are noble enough to acknowledge a weakness, shall we show *less* nobleness by smothering the truth? Let *us* ask, what would we be in the relations of life without the gentlemen? *At home* we would have peace and quiet; at the dry-goods store, all the finery we wanted; in the ball-room, plenty of round dances; by 'moonlight alone,' — ah! it wouldn't be fair to tell.

"We assure you, gentlemen, all the ministrations of justice or injustice which you have received at our hands during our shadowy reign in the Reading Circle, have been *freely* meted to you. What impressions we

have made by our '*poetic nature*,' we dare not limit. Who can tell what beautiful mists have been gathering about our circle, in silent power, as mighty forces work? And when to-night's festive scenes are over, and we go forth as an *unclasped*, not a *broken* band, we may awake to the realisation that *David Copperfield* was as *necessary to Agnes Wickfield* as Agnes Wickfield was to David Copperfield. And we of us who may live to wear a crown of years, may look back through the haze of the past to the time when we *were Agneses*, but now *Doras*; and about such memories the years of these pleasant associations may cluster, and the compliments of the toast to-night be not the least among them.

"Ladies, I have but given a drop: will you not all rise as an echo of all your feelings? Drink a toast to the gentlemen of the '*Addison Reunion*,' and as we raise the goblet, but *not* of the treacherous wine, we would assure you, gentlemen, that when we find you bearing the image of '*God's noblest work, an honest man*,' we prize you above ourselves."

Third in order came the toast:

"OUR WORTHY PRESIDENT!

"Dignified when he presides over the Reading Circle, fluttering when surrounded by crinoline, yet genial and social at all times. May the esteem which is the just due of worth, ever follow him like a shadow."

This brought to his feet our gallant champion himself, who in fitting terms and in his usually happy style, seasoned of course with the modesty for which

the gentleman is proverbial, replied to the brief toast of the *brief gentleman* proposing it.

Number four being now called for, a young man of commanding appearance, and with just the faintest suspicion of a moustache, came briskly to the rescue, and gave with unctïon the following :

“THE CONTRIBUTORS!

“By their masterly productions they have given evidence of superior talent, which needed but development to add lustre to their already enviable literary fame. May every step in life give to them new scenes of pleasure, and every advancement toward the great object of their ambition bring them *true greatness*.”

A young lady was appointed to reply to this; but she, perhaps with a view to impress the Society with a sense of her great domestic qualifications, offered the table a very nice slice of *buttered toast* most temptingly prepared. It is needless to say that not one soul at table was deceived by this ruse of the fair one, or believed for a moment that she toasted it herself. A laugh went round the board, and one public-spirited young man ventured to start an applause, but being almost immediately overcome by bashfulness, stopped suddenly and stared hard at everybody else, as much as to ask, who did *that*?

Several impromptu toasts and addresses succeeded, one of which is deserving of special mention :

“*Mr. President* :—I am not surprised at the unusual emotions which I experience in attempting to respond to the call with which I am honored, and I can

only plead the high character which has marked the entertainment of the evening as an apology for any embarrassment which I may betray at the present moment. What has been said already has been said so fittingly and so well, that I should feel inclined to profit by the oft-repeated maxim, 'Let well enough alone.' It will gratify me, however, if I can say a word in response to the pleasing sentiment which has been offered to the contributors of the Addison Reunion.

"If I am to judge the contributions which have been given at your previous meetings by those which have been presented by the members of the Reunion this evening, I am ready at once to respond with an endorsement broad and unequivocal. I confess, however, that in the earlier part of the evening I felt some solicitude for the safety of the Association, as I heard the rapid discharges of the poetic mitrailleuse, and saw the effect of its unerring fire as it swept through your ranks; and I was led to a mental discussion of the question, Is the inventor of such an instrument a benefactor of his race? But now that the smoke has passed away, and a soothing balm has healed all the wounds, we must admire the instrument itself and praise the skill of the gunner.

"The pleasantries which have characterised this entertainment, and those which have preceded it, speak well for the contributors to the Reunion, and eloquently for the noble objects of the Reunion itself. Associations such as this, organised for the purpose of literary culture, cannot but elevate and refine us. The great authors of the past and present are made to take their places in our midst. They talk to us in their choicest

language, and convey to us their best ideas. We come to know them as we know our household friends; and imbibing in a degree the spirit which moved them, we are led to turn our gaze upon heights to which genius alone can point. Who can follow the sublime imaginings of Blanco White, or view the vivid pictures of Leigh Hunt, or hear the dulcet notes of Mrs. Browning's lute, without feeling that above him there is a clearer atmosphere and a purer realm of thought? By bringing our minds into contact with the minds of the distinguished authors who have adorned literature, ancient and modern, and by the process of literary training which we receive in such association as this, we are stimulated to move up toward those higher planes where the sun shines brighter and the flowers bloom with a rarer beauty. I cannot better illustrate the elevating power of such mental contact than by referring to the familiar yet beautiful lines of the gifted Addison himself, as he caught a language from the silent orbs of night:

“ What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.”

The “wee sma' hours” were now upon us, and after a hearty vote of thanks to our host, the genial proprietor of the Montour House (may his shadow never grow less!), the mutual farewells were spoken, and we reluctantly prepared to separate.

And so ended one of the most enjoyable evenings of our experience. Success to the “Addison Reunion!” It

has already won golden opinions far and near. Embracing within itself every element of a lasting prosperity, may this estimable circle do more and more, as it has already done much, to fashion the literary taste of the community at large.

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